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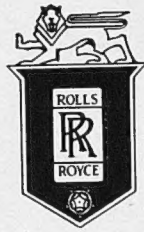
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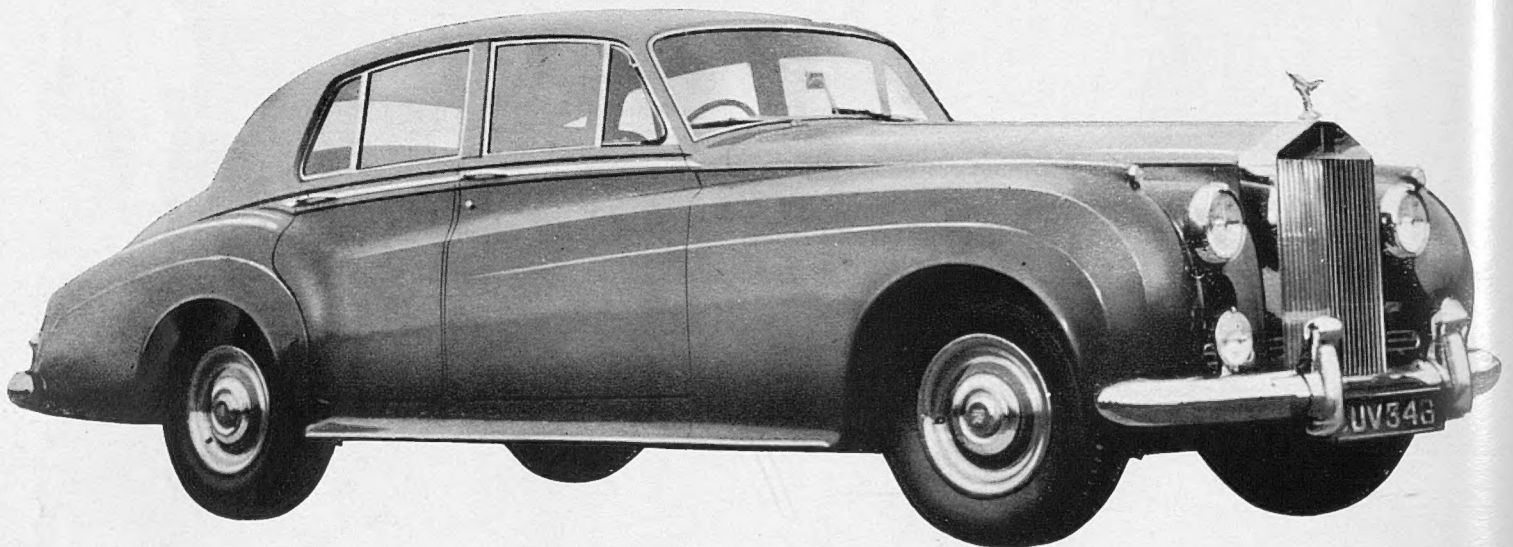


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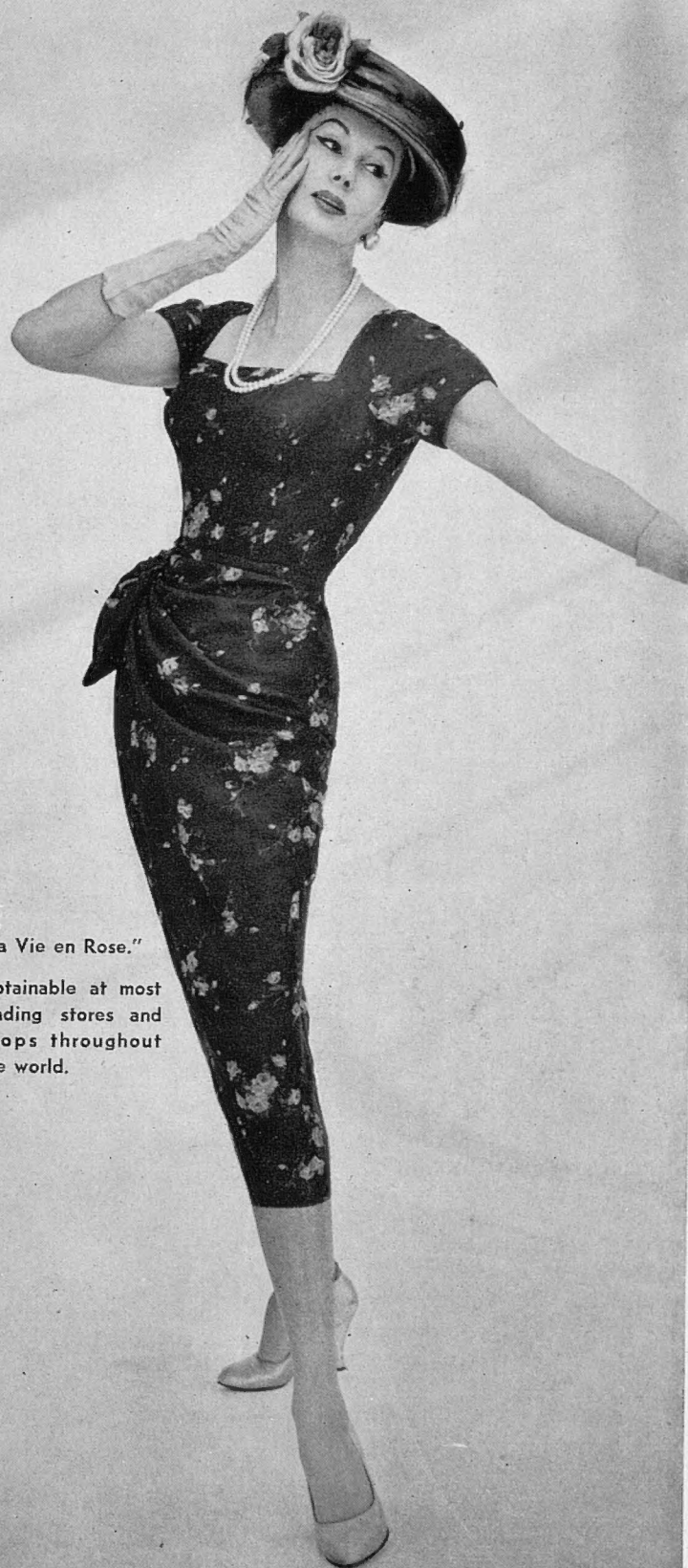
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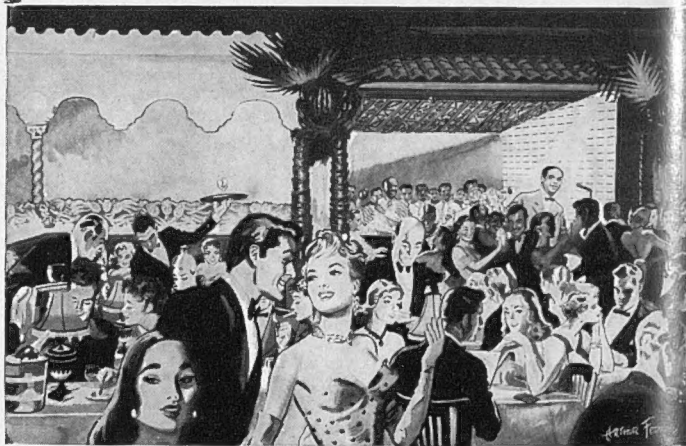


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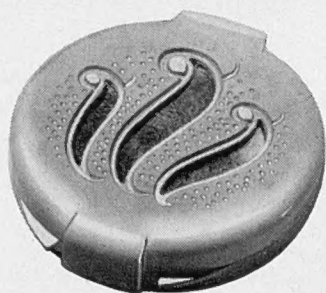
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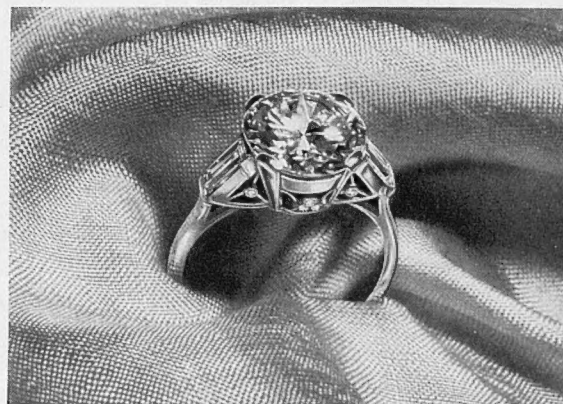
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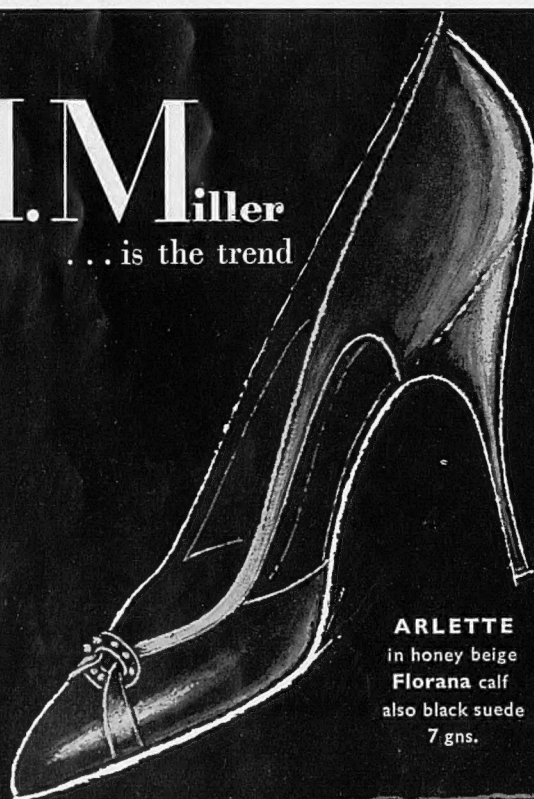
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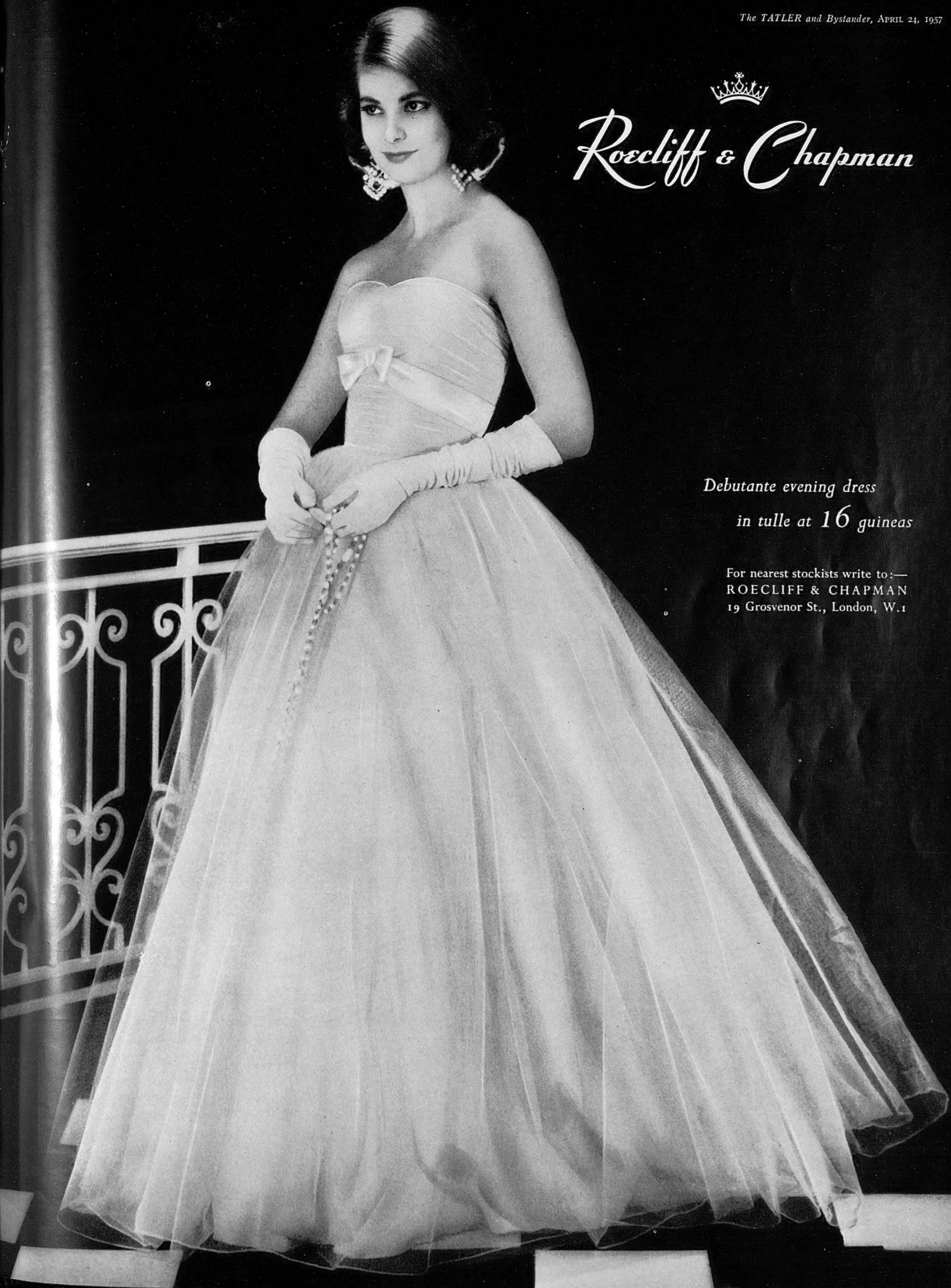
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MISS SHEILA WILLCOX is one of Britain's finest young riders. Last year she and her nine-year-old horse, High And Mighty, gave a magnificent performance at the Harewood Trials, winning the whole event, and coming first in dressage, in the cross-country and endurance, with a clear round in the jumping. This month she was presented with the British Horse Society's Diploma of Honour. Miss Willcox and High And Mighty will be competing at Badminton this week. Cover photograph by Yevonde

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From April 24 to May 1

Apr. 24 (Wed.) Cocktail dance: Lady Cecil Douglas and Mrs. Robin Gordon for Miss Susan Douglas and Miss Margaret Ann Gordon, at 8 Lennox Gardens. Flat racing at Epsom (City and Suburban) and Pontefract; steeplechasing at Ludlow.

Apr. 25 (Thu.) The Queen and Prince Philip will stay at Badminton House for the B.H.S. Three-Day Event at Badminton. First night: *Tea And Sympathy* at the Comedy Theatre.

Cocktail party: Mrs. Wilfrid Rougier Chapman for Miss Zerelda Chapman at the Dorchester. Dances: Mrs. Alan Hadden (small dance) for Miss Margaret Lacroze at 6 Stafford Terrace, W.8; Red Hat Ball at Grosvenor House. Flat racing at Epsom and Pontefract; steeplechasing at Ludlow.

Apr. 26 (Fri.) Three-Day Event at Badminton. First night: *The Glass Cage*, at the Piccadilly Theatre.

Cocktail party: Mrs. Philip Reid for Miss Griselda Reid at Hill Lodge, W.8. Dances: Mrs. Basil Stoneham for Miss Diana Stoneham at Jevington House, Knotty Green, Bucks; Mrs. Humphrey Kitson (small dance) for Miss Priscilla Kitson; Lady Moore for Miss Penelope Angus at Ladykirk, Monkton, Ayrshire; Mrs. Mary Perkin for Miss Caroline Perkin at Toat House, Pulborough; New Forest Hunt Ball at the Grand Hotel, Lyndhurst; East Essex Hunt point-to-point dance at Spains Hall, Finchingfield.

Flat racing at Sandown Park and Bogsides; steeplechasing at Bogsides.

Apr. 27 (Sat.) Three-Day Event at Badminton. Royal Drawing Society's Exhibition of Child Art (to May 11), Guildhall Art Gallery.

Point-to-points: Cattistock Hunt at Darvole Farm, East Coker, Yeovil; Chiddingfold Farmers' at Peper Harow, Godalming; Craven Hunt at

Elm Grove Farm, Chieveley, near Newbury; West Kent Hunt at Yaldham Manor, Ightham, near Sevenoaks.

Flat racing at Sandown Park, Bogsides, Ripon and Worcester; steeplechasing at Bogsides, Bangor-on-Dee and Sandown Park.

Apr. 28 (Sun.) The Queen will take the salute at the St. George's Day parade of the Queen's Scouts at Windsor Castle. Oxford Trinity Term begins.

Apr. 29 (Mon.) The Berkeley Débutante Dress Show (two days), at the Berkeley.

Cocktail party: Lady Langman for Miss Josephine Langman and Miss Emma Richards at the Lansdowne Club.

Flat racing at Worcester and steeplechasing at Folkestone (United Hunts Meeting).

Apr. 30 (Tue.) Newmarket First Spring Sales.

Cocktail party: Lady Luce for Miss Diana Luce at Londonderry House.

Dance: Mrs. Arthur Marshall and Mrs. H. Warwick Daw for Miss Judith Marshall and Miss Jennifer Daw at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Flat racing at Newmarket (First Spring Meeting).

May 1 (Wed.) United Charities May Fair at Londonderry House, 11 a.m.-7 p.m.

Cocktail parties: Mrs. W. H. E. Gott and Mrs. Douglas Brett for Miss Jennifer Gott and Miss Jane Brett in London; Lady Robertson and Mrs. Davies-Cooke for Miss Fiona Robertson and Miss Philippa Davies-Cooke at the Cavalry Club.

Rose Ball at Grosvenor House.

Flat racing at Newmarket (Two Thousand Guineas) and Catterick; steeplechasing at Kelso.



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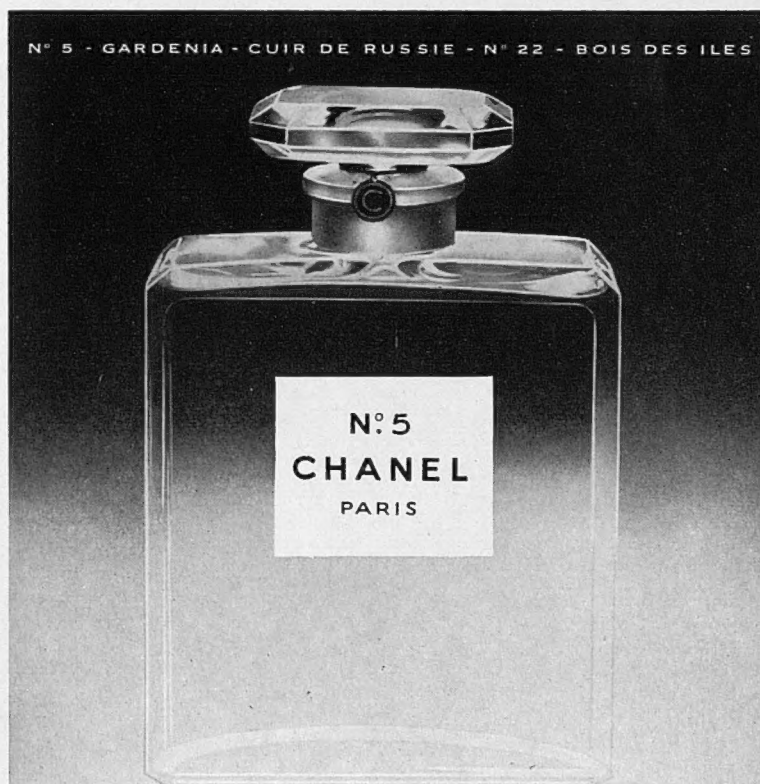


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The Marchioness of Queensberry

THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY married the twelfth Marquess in 1956. Lord Queensberry, who succeeded his father to the title in 1954, was educated at Eton and served in the Royal Horse Guards. He is descended

from Sir William Douglas, 9th Feudal Baron of Drumlanrig, and later created Baron Douglas, Viscount Drumlanrig, and Earl of Queensberry in the seventeenth century. The Queensberrys' London house is in Montpelier Walk, S.W.17



*Admiral Sir Reginald and Lady Plunkett-Erle-
Erle-Drax, the groom's parents, and Nicholas Maude*



*Lord and Lady Weeks, the bride's parents,
at the reception at Claridge's*



*Miss Meribah Baxter and
Lady Baxter*



*Major Tufton Beamish, M.P.,
and Mrs. Tufton Beamish*

*Mrs. Frank Howitt and Lady
Birdwood*

*Lt.-Col. Anthony Heywood
and Mrs. Heywood*



*Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Rebbeck with
Mrs. Moray Stephenson*



*H.E. Admiral Sir Gresham Nicholson with
Miss Joanna Nicholson and Lady Nicholson*



AN APRIL WEDDING

LT. AND THE HON. MRS. Henry Plunkett-Erle-Drax are seen (right) after their wedding at Holy Trinity, Brompton, with bridesmaids Miss Julia Cannon, Miss Antonia Edmonstone and Miss Penelope d'Erlanger. The bride was the Hon. Pamela Weeks

Photographs by
Van Hallan



ocial Journal

Jennifer

LORD WEEKS'S DAUGHTER MARRIES

A LONG low mass of white flowers was on the altar, and large vases of superb flame-yellow and white flowers stood on each side of the chancel steps of Holy Trinity, Brompton, the marriage of Lt. Henry Walter Plunkett-Erle-Drax, N., and the Hon. Pamela Weeks. It was conducted by Bishop of Rochester assisted by the Rev. P. N. Gilliat, the Rev. C. W. Trevelyan and the Rev. M. L. Thornewill. The big church was packed and the ushers had a busy time showing guests to their seats, which had been carefully and efficiently allotted. The ushers included Maj.-Gen. C. A. L. Dunphie, the bridegroom's brother-in-law Mr. Robert Hollond, and the bride's half-brother Major Brian Cumming who later at the reception told me he is soon off to Canada on a business trip. The bride, who is an exceptionally attractive girl, looked serene and lovely as she walked up the aisle with her father Lord Weeks.

Her wedding dress, which was designed by Mr. Norman Hartnell, was of ivory slipper satin cut on classical lines with a full skirt falling into a train. Her long tulle veil was held in place by a diamond tiara and she carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and white orchids. There were two pages, two child bridesmaids and three older bridesmaids. The pages, John Hollond and Nicholas Maude, wore white sailor suits. The bride's little two-year-old nephew, Thomas Troubridge, was originally to have been a page, too, but the bride sensibly decided at the rehearsal that he was too young, so he was in the church with his nanny, very smart in his sailor suit carrying his cap bearing the ribbon of his father's ship H.M.S. Vigilant. The little girls, Julia and Rosalind Boughey, were in long white organdie dresses with pale green sashes and circlets of mixed flame-yellow and white flowers in their hair. They carried baskets of the same flowers. The older girls, Miss Penelope d'Erlanger, Miss Antonia Edmonstone and Miss Julia Cannon, who at the last moment deputized for her elder sister, Victoria Cannon, who was ill, wore charming white lace ballerina length dresses with full skirts and head-dresses of mixed flowers in the same colour scheme as the children.

Officers of the Royal Navy formed a guard of honour as the bride and bridegroom, who both looked radiantly happy, left the church. About eight hundred guests came on to the reception at Claridge's where Lord and Lady Weeks, the latter looking very elegant in a dress of periwinkle blue taffeta and a little hat to match, received the guests with the bridegroom's parents, Admiral the Hon. Sir Reginald and Lady Plunkett-Erle-Drax. The bride's brother-in-law and only sister, Lt. Peter Troubridge, R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Troubridge, were there, also the bridegroom's four sisters Mrs. Hollond and her husband who was an usher, Mrs. Maude with Major Maude, Miss Ernle-Drax and Miss Liza Drax. Baroness Burton in a mushroom pink suit and little hat to match was making one of her all-too-rare appearances in London, and everyone was delighted to see her. She was, she told me, hurrying off later to catch a train back up north. I saw the Earl and Countess of Beauchamp, Viscount Bruce, and Mr. Whitney Straight, whose wife Lady Daphne Straight was away doing some spring skiing in France. Their elder and very attractive daughter Camilla Straight is still in America and I heard was off early this month with Miss Sheran Cazalet on an enterprising motor trip driving themselves across the U.S.

Other guests here included Viscount and Viscountess Knollys, Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley, Lady Baxter and her daughter Miss Meribah Baxter, Lord and Lady Hives, Mr. and Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger, Vice-Admiral Sir Edward and Lady Evans-Lombe, the Countess of Cavan, Viscount and Viscountess Leathers, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Chalmers, Lt.-Gen. Sir Archibald and Lady Nye, Lt. Ted Troubridge, R.M., and his wife, who I met with his mother Lady Troubridge, Major and Mrs. Victor Seely who had their daughter Alexandra with them, and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Cory-Wright talking to Miss Anthea Fairfax-Ross, who has recently taken up her appointment in the press office at Buckingham Palace which she, no doubt, will infuse with her charm and quiet efficiency. Admiral Sir Desmond and Lady McCarthy were there, also, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Pilkington, Sir George and Lady Nelson, Cdr. Edmonstone, Sir Mark and Lady Turner, Mrs. Dunphie, Lady Micklem, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cannon, General Sir Robert

[Continued overleaf]

Mansergh, Lt. Basil Denning, R.N., who was best man, and General Sir Bernard and Lady Paget. Sir Bernard in a very charming short speech proposed the health of the young couple after they had cut their wedding cake with the bridegroom's sword.

Later, the bride and bridegroom flew to Paris and on the next day to Sicily where they are spending their honeymoon.

★ ★ ★

THE Queen and Princess Margaret both came along quite informally to the cocktail party which their cousin, the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, gave for her débutante daughter Susan, who is one of the most attractive girls coming out this year. The party, which took place at 23 Knightsbridge, was one of the gayest of the season, with a great number of young people and only a handful of older guests. Most of the débutantes were wearing the frocks they had had for the Presentation Parties at Buckingham Palace, and made a delightful picture. Some of the girls had the privilege of meeting the Queen, who, after a long and tiring day, very sweetly spoke to quite a number. Mrs. Wills informally presented girls who happened to be near at the time, so that there should be no feeling of favouritism. Major Wills was there to help his wife and daughter, also their son Andrew who is in the Household Cavalry.

Among the many other débutante cocktail parties held recently was a very gay one given by Lady Rumbold for her daughter Felicity, a most attractive girl with a charming manner who helped her mother to receive the guests. Lady Rumbold's brother, Mr. James Bailey, kindly lent his delightful flat in Eaton Place, which has a double drawing-room, for the party. As I was on my way to a theatre I was only there for a short time, during which I saw a great number of this year's débutantes, among them Miss Serena Murray, who is sharing the coming out dance, which her grandmother Lady Elles is giving for her, with her cousin Miss Philippa du Boulay. This is taking place next month at the fine Portuguese Embassy in Belgrave Square which the Portuguese Ambassador has kindly lent for the occasion. Among the older guests I met Lord Harvey of Tasburgh, Lady Tryon, who had Felicity Rumbold as a pupil at her school in Wiltshire for some time, Mr. John de Moraville, and Mrs. Anthony Crossley.

On their way to the Palace

Miss Marina Kennedy and
Miss Tessa Kennedy

Miss Katrin Bernstiel and
Miss Susan Douglas



Mrs. Kirk Lawton and
Miss Joan Lawton



Miss Anna Cabot Lodge
and Mrs. Lodge



Reginald Eyre

MISS CECILY FOX-WILLIAMS, daughter of Capt. John Fox-Williams, M.C., was among the debutantes presented to the Queen at Buckingham Palace earlier this month

I went to a very enjoyable party at the Hyde Park Hotel given by Mrs. Brydon Gilroy for her attractive daughter Miss Jane Gilroy. From here I went on to the party which Mrs. Kirk Lawton was giving in their charming flat in Parkside for her débutante daughter, Miss Joan Lawton. The following evening Lady Arbuthnot Lane and Mr. Eric Cuddon gave a big cocktail party which I attended at the Royal Air Force Club, for their daughters Miss Susan Arbuthnot Lane and Miss Deirdre Cuddon, who are having their coming out dance on Derby night.

ANOTHER evening I went first to the Cavalry Club, where Mrs. W. W. B. Scott was hostess at a party for her daughter Miss Maxine Scott, an attractive girl who had collected together a couple of hundred young friends. From here I went on to a much smaller party which Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft and Lady Violet Vernon were giving jointly for their débutante daughters Miss Francesca Robert and Miss Veronica Vernon. This took place in Mrs. Thorneycroft's charming house in Chester Square which she has decorated with such superb taste. The Thorneycrofts, who were just about to move into 11 Downing Street, have now let their house, happily to friends, who I am sure will take care of it. From Chester Square I went on to Curzon Street where Countess Howe was giving a cocktail party with dancing, which went on until around midnight, in her charming house for her daughter Miss Susan Shafto and her stepdaughter Lady Frances Curzon who are both débutantes this season.

The following night Mrs. Jack Hillyard gave a party at the Bath Club for her débutante daughter Miss Adrian Hamilton who is having her coming out dance at her home Blarney Castle, Co. Cork, during the second week of August. Another gay gathering of young people was the cocktail-dance which Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Porter and Mr. Roger Lee gave jointly at the Hyde Park Hotel for Miss Victoria Porter and Miss Rosamund Lee and her brother Peter. Rosamund and Peter very sadly lost their mother last year; she died just as Rosamund was about to make her début, so naturally all plans for her season were cancelled. This year she will be down from her home in Cheshire to enjoy some of the parties and other engagements of the social season.

The same evening Miss Doreen Roy gave a little party in her Eaton Terrace home for Miss Karen Player who is spending the season there with her mother Mrs. Stephen Player. A few nights later Mrs. Bernard Sunley gave a cocktail party for her daughter Bella who is having her coming out dance at the end of May, and sharing it with her brother John who comes of age this year.

★ ★ ★

THE French Fortnight in Great Britain started just before the visit of the Queen and Prince Philip to Paris. It was opened by the French Minister for Economic Affairs, M. Jean Masson, at a reception at Londonderry House in the presence of the French Ambassador

M. Chauvel and M. Jean Barioz, President of the Union Française des Industries Exportatrices. The Fortnight was also held in twelve other big cities of Great Britain as part of a plan for the development of France's trade abroad. The largest stores in London and the provinces all played their part in giving displays to the French merchandise.

On the opening evening I attended a Gala Presentation of Paris Haute Couture in the large ballroom of the Savoy at which the French Ambassador presided. He was accompanied by Mme. Chauvel. The programmes for this event, which cost £1 each, were sold in aid of the National Fund for Poliomyelitis Research in this country and France.

It was a superb collection of exquisite clothes, beautifully staged, fifteen of the greatest designers in Paris having contributed four models each. They included such famous names as Christian Dior, Balmain, Lanvin (Castillo), Jacques Fath, Jacques Griffe, Grés, Maggy Rouff, and the comparative newcomer Pierre Cardin. Several members of the Diplomatic Corps watched the parade and later enjoyed the buffet supper. Among these I met the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Häggblöf who looked very chic in a long black satin dress, the Luxembourg Ambassador and his good-looking and charming wife Mme. Clasen, and the German Ambassador Herr von Herwarth, who a few days previously had opened a very good show at the Dorchester organized by the Society of Berlin Fashion Houses, who showed their latest German models.

I also met Lord Harvey of Tasburgh, our former Ambassador in Paris, and Lady Harvey, the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, with his charming wife and their daughter Mariette, Lord and Lady Sempill who were sitting nearby, and Lady Pamela Berry very elegant in a turquoise blue satin evening dress, escorted by Mr. Norman Hartnell, who made many of the Queen's lovely clothes for her visit to Paris. Lady Pamela had just returned from a short visit to Israel where she was kept busy going over factories and seeing a lot of the country's work. Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, looking wonderfully fit after her trip to the Far East, was sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger. The Hon. Patrick and Lady Amabel Lindsay were there, also the Marquis and Marquise de Miramon, Miss Audrey Withers, Editor of *Vogue*, very chic in an orchid mauve satin evening coat over a dress of the same shade, Mr. Reggie Williams who had done a lot of hard work in the organization of the French Fortnight, with Mrs. Williams, and Sir Harry Brittain.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to a delightful little party in his Chelsea studio given by Mr. Douglas Anderson. He is a young artist of great promise who studied really hard in Florence under Pietro Annigoni, and is perhaps the great maestro's most brilliant pupil, certainly from this country. On the wall hung a large canvas of a half-finished painting of a refugee in the snow, which already promised to be a great picture: while on an easel was a very fine portrait of Myra Lady Fox (his latest finished work) wearing a brilliant red chiffon dress. This is a wonderful likeness and I thought it a lovely painting. Another portrait of Lady Fox's daughter Greta, now Mrs. Patrick Telfer-Smollett, was hanging on the wall. Lord Huntingfield came along to the little party and saw his stepdaughter's new portrait.

Among those I saw in the brief time I was there were Viscountess Maitland and her daughter, Lady Mary Maitland, the Earl of Halsbury, Mr. John Merton, the American artist Mr. Charles Keith Signor, Mr. Bruno Schroder, Mrs. Robin McAlpine, and Viscount and Viscountess Stormont. The artist's charming young sister, Miss Rehais Anderson, was there to act as hostess and help entertain their guests.

★ ★ ★

RECENTLY I received a very neat little book, *A Hundred Favourite Recipes*, compiled by Mrs. de Freville and her sister Mrs. Prioleau. It is being sold for the benefit of the Central Remedial Clinic, Prospect Hall, Co. Dublin, the only one of its kind in Ireland to give after-care treatment for polio and other orthopaedic conditions. Among friends who have contributed their favourite recipe are Sir Pelham Warner, the Countess of Fingall, who suggests a delicious chicken dish, Mrs. Violet Kingscote, Lady Beit, who gives home-made *pâté de foie gras*, Sybil Lady Burnett of Leys, with a green pea *soufflé*, the Marchioness of Waterford, a cold egg mousse, Miss Rosemary Hume, *Tonille aux Peches*, and the Duchess of Beaufort, her way of making a pheasant casserole. This little book, which I found quite fascinating, can be obtained from Harrods and L'Escargot Bienvenu, and costs three shillings and sixpence.

★ ★ ★

PRINCESS MARGARET has promised to attend the ninth Pied Piper Ball on May 9. This is being held at the Hyde Park Hotel, and, as in preceding years, is being organized in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Mrs. John Ward is once again Chairman of the ball, and it promises to be as enjoyable as in former years. Tickets, which are likely to be sold out quickly, are obtainable from Mrs. Ward, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.



Mr. Julian Tobin, Miss Hazel Druery, Mr. Tommy Thomas and Miss Shirley Thomas

A POLITICAL BALL

THE HAMPSTEAD CONSERVATIVE BALL was held at the May Fair Hotel. The guests of honour were the Prime Minister, accompanied by his wife, Lady Dorothy Macmillan

Mr. Patrick Agar and Miss Susan Bodley Scott

Miss Diana Brockman and Mr. Tom Hustler



Mr. Victor Lyon and Mrs. Lyon were others there

The Hon. Sarah Erskine and Major N. Neill Fraser

A. V. Swatche



MEYNELL POINT-TO-POINT

THE MEYNELL HUNT held a point-to-point at Aston-on-Trent, Derbyshire, recently. Above: Miss P. Wint on Joyess, owned by Capt. J. M. Spurrier, was the winner of the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race

Col. G. A. Murray-Smith on Templemore



Mrs. V. Birch and Mrs. L. M. Saunders



Mr. Frederick Nettlefold and Mrs. Nettlefold

Miss Diana Hutchinson, Miss Felicity German, Miss Jill Hutchinson and Robin German



P. C. Palmer

Mr. J. H. Gibbs on Mayfly III won the Meynell Hunt Cup

Mrs. D. Shields, Miss M. Dixon, Mr. Shields and Mr. R. Stevenson



NORTHERN TRIALS

THE COMBINED TRAINING season opened in glorious weather in the grounds of Glanusk Park for the Breconshire one-day horse trials



Miss Sheila Willcox taking a fence on High And Mighty on which she came first in the Open

P. C. Palmer

Miss I. Touche who came from Surrey was the winner of the intermediate section on Rowley



The Hon. David Somerset jumping finely on Countryman



Lord and Lady Swansea with Miranda Barstow



Col. R. B. Moseley and Major M. W. Wild

Mrs. V. Eckley was with Gillian Eckley

Mrs. R. J. Brabner with Mrs. P. Curruthers





The Scottish countryside epitomized by Lochearnhead on Loch Earn

HIGHLAND GRANDEUR AND THE SCOTTISH THEATRE



Micheal Mac Liammoir, the Irish actor-playwright, whose comedy "Where Stars Walk" will be seen

ANTHONY CRASK, journalist, traveller and man of the theatre, here combines his knowledge to write of a British theatre festival which pleases him



The author of "Worm's Eye View," R. F. Delderfield, will be represented by "The Mayerling Affair"

WE in Britain may not be culture-vultures, but it is far from the truth to say that we despise music, drama and the intellectual pursuit of happiness. Indeed, we look forward with all the passion of the unrequited to those festivals of the arts which enliven so many European towns during the summer. The reason is surely not far to seek. From how many of these are excluded the more human pleasures of life? Precious few! Their offerings are imbibed in the most agreeable manner, along with bright summer air, foreign sights and sounds, wine, sun and good food. I always enjoy such occasions.

Yet whereas, before the war, you could choose, even in Britain, from Malvern, Buxton, Stratford (not then a competitor for London honours) in this class, now one name only comes instantly to my mind—Pitlochry. It, and it alone, offers just the right combination of theatrical dedication and relaxed extravert holiday pleasure that should be the hallmark of the summer festival. The seventh season has just opened there—it goes on till October—and already all the signs are that this year it will be a greater success than ever.

THIS is against the strong competition of the lovely Perthshire countryside which stretches, a siren land of beguilement, away on every side. After all, you are at the gate to the Highlands. The Pass of Killiecrankie, where the Scots forces under Graham of Claverhouse in a wild and resolute charge routed the English General Mackay's forces, is up the road. They beat their retreat along the River Garry's banks. "The Soldier's Leap" is a point where one of Mackay's soldiers is supposed to have leapt the river itself and, with a wild, pursuing Highlander after him, why not indeed? These parts roll and throb to the ghost sound of fife and drum and pipe, now forward, now back, like the counter-marching of troops.

Walkers get exquisite pleasure from these rounded, wind-shaped hills and glades, and picturesquely wooded glens. It is they, I would say, who gain the greatest enjoyment from this part

of Perthshire, vowing that nowhere can compare in beauty. And is there, one wonders yet again, really a lovelier river than the salmon-filled Tummel?

A newer place to visit is Loch Faskally, a man-made stretch of water accomplished by damming the Tummel as part of the North Scottish hydro-electric scheme. If only all such plans brought results half as charming as the soft, delectable waters of Loch Faskally which, wending their way through the pine-wooded banks is unforgettable, who could scarce forbear to cheer industrialization? Besides its beauty it has one asset that nobody can ever have too much of—fishing. But then all the lochs and rivers, streams and waters, abound in fish; and with, above all, that lordly, unbeatable, Highland Prince—the Scotch salmon.

EVEN if you are not a fisherman you can come on nodding terms, quite literally, with this magnificent creature in the observation chamber in Pitlochry Dam's 900-ft.-long fish pass. This pass allows the breeding salmon to make their way up to the higher reaches where they lay their spawn. The observation chamber is open to the public, and when the spring and summer migration is on you can peer, with but an inch of plate glass between you and the one that gets away, at the fish nosing and fighting their way onwards.

The town is ideally situated for longer explorations by car, or bus perhaps. The Trossachs and thereabouts are reasonable day's runs; Loch Ness rather farther although surely well repaid if you should catch sight of the monster, and many sober Scotsmen have done. Closer however are Glen Isla and Glamis Castle. Braemar and Balmoral, whose grounds are open to the public (but inquire locally when), can be included in a round trip of just over 100 miles, through magnificent scenery, and equally essential despite the tourist quality of the undertaking. The mountains are not actually formidable here, though perhaps more than all but the more rugged holidaymaker will undertake. Pitlochry from the first solved the problem of winning an audience from the country delights that abounded so largely and wishily about it. Who knows how much this may not have been due to the light and airy tent seeming to be an extension of the pale, serene Perthshire landscape, a wonderful holiday countryside, which the members of the audience have had about them all day? Be that as it may, for the first two years, when Mr. John Stewart, founder, was running the theatre as a private enterprise, the building was a tent pure and simple. That it was light was too sadly evidenced in 1952 when the fierce north winds thrust across those benign hills and smashed the tented theatre. The damage was catastrophic, £3,800; and it was clear that this loss could not be borne by any one man. Therefore Mr. Stewart made his theatre—his outlay had come to £44,500—over to a non-profit-making concern, the Pitlochry Festival Society, of which he remains artistic director.

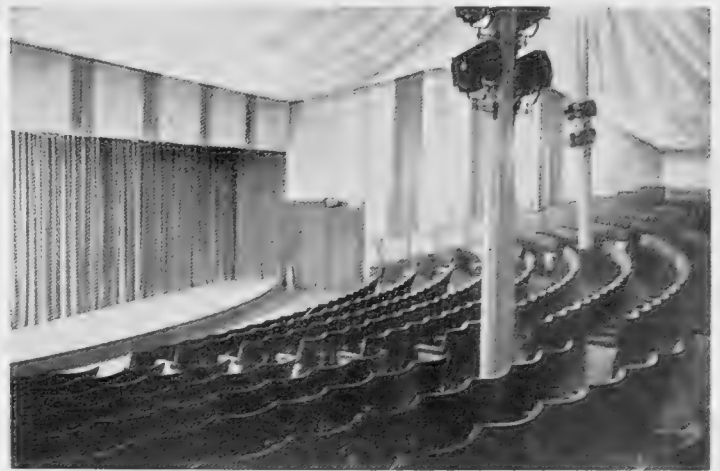
A NEW permanent building was erected which preserved the informality, charm and intimacy of the original. Plenty of room has been arranged inside and out for the audience to foregather in. Here is a good small restaurant and theatre bar, and these, with the exhibitions of pictures on the walls, give the atmosphere of a small friendly club.

The plays enjoyed by ever-growing audiences—250,000 to date in the six seasons—in an ever-lengthening season, run the gamut of theatrical experience from *Macbeth* to *Charley's Aunt*, from the world première of Sir Walter Scott's *Devergoil* to *The Importance Of Being Earnest*, and including *Misalliance*, *Hay Fever* and tonight's *Rookery Nook*. Always Pitlochry attempts to find some *morceau choisi* to whet the appetite after new dramatic experience. This year *The Mayerling Affair* by R. F. Delderfield, much praised on television, is being given its first performance in a completely new stage arrangement.

Within the town, slow-moving and greyly pleasing, there are the usual attractions to be found in Scotland; fine golf course, tennis, boating on Loch Faskally, and many good hotels. The Atholl Palace in forty-six acres of lovely parklands is luxurious with its own tennis, putting course, dancing and other entertainment at 12-16 gns. *en pension* terms. Quieter is Fisher's in the town at 9-12 gns., *en pension*, while with a country house atmosphere and its own fishing on Loch Faskally is the Green Park Hotel with peacocks on the lawn and bird of paradise flowers in the greenhouse, at between 12-13 gns. a week.



The roughly tumbling River Garry above Pitlochry



Tented theatre interior; twelve rows seating five hundred

High summer in Perthshire; a farmhouse at Moulin, Pitlochry





Tony Armstrong Jones

ANYA LINDEN is a soloist who has recently been taking the leading roles at the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden in Frederick Ashton's Ballet "Sylvia" and John Cranko's "The Prince Of The Pagodas." Now she has accompanied the company, which left London on April 12 for New York, to understudy Dame Margot Fonteyn in "Cinderella," taking the title role in N.B.C.'s television production

Roundabout

PUDDLE DOCK'S MERMAID

Cyril Ray

EVEN before the relief of the Budget, when West End theatres were closing or empty as the result of high taxation and heavy overheads, Bernard Miles was still confident of opening his Mermaid Theatre at Puddle Dock, in the City, by the Christmas of this year.

One reason why the venture can cock a snook at costs is that it is to be non-profit-making, and another is that the City Corporation has shown its vision by letting the land for a token rent of about £3 a week, for a ten-year lease. As it is hoped to build the theatre by subscription, the biggest single burden under which the London stage groans—rent—will be lifted.

But chiefly it is a matter of courage, and the City's Mermaid Theatre—descended from the Elizabethan theatres of the same sort by way of Bernard Miles's ventures in St. John's Wood and the Royal Exchange, in Coronation year—deserves all the success that you and I can bring it.

Especially, I notice that the theatre is to have its own restaurant for theatre dinners and suppers, and I was set to wondering why there are not more places to eat in the City of an evening than the one or two that already successfully do so.

Yes, I know that the City empties after the banks and shipping offices, Lloyd's and the Stock Exchange, have closed for the day. But surely it would be worth the while of some of the chop-houses and fish-restaurants that do the City gent so well at luncheon, to open in the evening and serve the same good, simple food.

SUCH a lot of theatregoers arrive at their places of entertainment by car, and it is very little farther from their suburbs to the City than it is to Shaftesbury Avenue—and there would be infinitely less parking difficulty when they get there. I should have thought that many a City man's wife would be glad of the grilled chop or fried sole on the bone that her husband eats at lunch-time, and boasts about afterwards—to say nothing of the quiet, club-like atmosphere of the best of the City restaurants, and a dip into their excellent wine-lists.

It might take a little time for places that are only at present open for lunch to become known as good places to go to for dinner—and there might be a few weeks or months of running at a loss. But the restaurant's overheads are already carried by the luncheon-customers, and I shouldn't mind having shares in the first such establishment to take the dinner-time plunge.

If diners-out can penetrate as far East as the Prospect of Whitby or the very good Chinese restaurant I was taken to recently in the West India Dock Road, or as far West as up-river, I can't believe that the distance from Piccadilly to Ludgate Circus is an uncrossable barrier.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the things that made Hans Andersen a tiresome guest, Charles Dickens's family decided—one of the many things, I gather—was that when it turned out that no member of the Gadshill household would shave him, he had to be driven daily into Rochester, to a barber's.

I happened to be reading this just before I packed—or set about supervising my wife's packing—for a weekend away from home. Electric razor and typewriter were duly placed in the motor-car, which I drive myself. One other than myself might well have included a portable wireless set, a gramophone, a camera—all to be manipulated by their owner.

Does this mean that we are more self-reliant than poor



PARTNERSHIP

I planned a wife of sweet docility—
 Meek as a moth (the candle being me!),
 She'd be a background to my shining self,
 She'd be so grateful to escape the shelf!
 And, quietly busy with her household cares,
 Attend my wants, cock snook to world affairs,
 She'd never make up in a public place—
 Why, powder scarce should film her candid face!

My changeling love is busy at her glass . . .
 (We're late but I have learned to let that pass!)
 She curls her lashes, paints her lovely lips. . . .
 I cook—but *she* could launch a thousand ships!

—Lorna Wood

Hans Andersen? I am not quite sure. Only if all goes well can we shave ourselves, type our own letters or articles, drive ourselves from here to there, pick up sound waves and light waves from the ether.

Very little needs to go wrong for me to be far more helpless, or more dependent on others, than my father, who stropped his own cut-throat razor, or than *his* father, who cut his own quill-pens. It is only by the grace of machinery and electric motors than I can laugh at poor, unwelcome Hans Andersen, the peasant who never left his own hovel for lack of anything to carry him thence.

Indeed, my electric razor played me false only a few weeks ago, in the modern, highly sophisticated city of Bristol. One barber's shop had given up shaving as being unprofitable, and only cut men's hair as a favour—shampoos and sets for women being the only thing that pays the rent these days—and another would give me an appointment in seven hours' time. Who was then, scruffy-chinned as I was, to feel superior to even an ancient Briton, let alone Hans Andersen, for whom a Rochester barber waited, stropping his steel, at the end of a short carriage-ride? What I had to do, of course, was to buy myself a safety-razor. Had it been a Sunday I could not even have done so.

★ ★ ★

I WOULDN'T have missed, a couple of weeks ago, Alan Pryce-Jones's remarkable study, on the partially doomed Third Programme, of Hilaire Belloc, whom he admitted to "not caring very much for," and yet whose size and shape he conveyed more clearly than many of his admirers have.

Especially I wouldn't have missed the enchanting story of Lord Rosslyn's three-and-sixpenny grocer's port, which he solemnly presented to Belloc as a last relic of a paternal cellar,

and which Belloc drank slowly, nobly lauded—and kept entirely at his own elbow: "there is no reason to waste so admirable a wine on these young people."

Pryce-Jones's comment was that there is nothing more endearing in a great man than to catch him in a great mistake. Myself, I am not so sure: might not Belloc have been hugging to himself an enormous joke? Or perpetrating an immense politeness?

★ ★ ★

DURING my recent visit to Bordeaux I was reminded that it was Alan Houghton Brodrick who once observed that the English held Bordeaux for more than three hundred years, during which time clarets and Sauternes became the drinks of our nobler sort. And yet, in spite of those three centuries of association with the south-west of France, the English attitude towards food and cooking were not influenced at all. After which saddening thought he brightened, and added that during those three hundred years of association with England the cooking of Bordeaux was also uninfluenced. . . .

But I was a little startled to pick up a 1907 Baedeker to Southern France which warns one that there are few provincial restaurants in France worthy of recommendation to tourists, and that "the refreshment-rooms at railway stations should be avoided if possible." What a lot of pleasure—and good eating—must have been missed by the Baedeker-traveller of fifty years ago!

★ ★ ★

NOW we are on the brink of a new cricket season, and the flanneled undergraduates will soon be at practice at Fenner's and the Parks, let me mention the young Oxford cricketer who said that he was writing a book on ethics. "Ethics?" said his friend, "but I thought you were qualified for Sussex."



BRIGGS

by Graham



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
APRIL 24,
1957
204*

*Miss Sheena Johnson and Miss Gina Drummond
Moray awaiting their guests*

DEBUTANTES DANCE TO START THE SEASON

ONE of the first debutante dances of 1957 was given by Lady Ida Johnson and Mrs. Andrew Drummond Moray for their daughters Miss Sheena Johnson and Miss Gina Drummond Moray, who are coming out this year, at 8 Cadogan Gardens



*Miss Sarah Clifford-Turner, a 1957 debutante,
and Mr. John Yarde-Buller*



*Miss Annabel Ley, who is coming out this year,
and Mr. Anthony Hopkinson*

*Mr. Charles Nunneley, Miss Philippa du Boulay
and Miss Serena Murray*

*Miss Susan Wills and Lord
Valentine Thynne*

*Lady Daphne Cadogan and
Mr. Denis Mountain*



*Miss Jane Stockdale and Mr.
Richard Hulse*



*Miss Virginia Makins and Mr.
Nicholas Fitzherbert*



Desmond O'Neill



The debutantes for whom the dance was given, Lady Frances Curzon and her stepsister, Miss Susan Shafto

Miss Mary Hays and Mr. Harry Burton were there

Mr. Peter Lowsley-Williams and Miss Jennifer Cooper



Miss Diana Stoneham in the company of Mr. Alec Eve

COCKTAIL-DANCE IN MAYFAIR

COUNTESS HOWE gave an "After the Presentation" cocktail-dance at her home in Curzon Street for her stepdaughter Lady Frances Curzon and daughter Miss S. Shafto



Miss Sarah Johnstone and Mr. Julian Watson talk to pianist Bobby Harvey

Mr. Peter du Bou.ay and Miss Deirdre Senior sit out between dances



Lady Daphne Cadogan, Lady Sarah Curzon, Miss L. Lyle

Miss Diana Whitefield and Mr. Christopher Leach



Priscilla in Paris

DAY AFTER THE FÊTE

THE glad moments of this unforgettable April have become happy memories and Paris is her more sober self again. There are many degrees to her sobriety since she is—and always will be, one hopes—the world's playground.

But, just now, *les lampions sont éteints . . . la fête est finie!*

At the moment we are still a little surprised to find a lamp post innocent of decoration and shop windows displaying their usual wares instead of photographs enshrined in flowers. Again we are allowed to loiter, as we cross the bridges and lean over the parapets on the quays, without being moved on. The river craft have gone back to their usual moorings between the Alma and Sully bridges. Dictionaries have been returned to the schoolroom shelves; phrase-books have been hidden away and, with wistful sighs, all the borrowed frocks and jewels have gone back to where they belong. The good people of France have enjoyed their proud moments, have welcomed and admired their Royal visitors *de tout leur cœur* and, like the simple souls they are at rock bottom, hope that "THEY will come again as soon as possible and bring the children!"

It has often been said and believed that the many successes Sacha Guitry has known are due to the fact that almost invariably he has played the leading rôle himself and that his *vis-à-vis* has always been the lady of his heart and wife of the moment. It seems that we have been mistaken. *Faisons Un Rêve* that was written in 1914 and produced two years later, played by M. Charlotte Lyses and the author, has just been revived at the *Théâtre des Variétés*. The new exponents, Danielle Darrieux and Robert Lamoureux, are both too young to have seen the play acted by their famous predecessors and their interpretation has in no way been influenced by them. They had the author's guidance of course, but that is a very different affair from seeing him actually play the rôle of the lover in which Lamoureux is excellent in his more modern, *débonnaire* and careless manner. The revival is having so great a *succès fou* that one must book well in advance to get seats.

How auntie would have danced at the wedding! Eighteen-year-old Jacqueline Bourgeois, who has just married twenty-eight year old M. Draincourt, lived at Bougival—one of the most charming outer suburbs of Paris—with her sisters Micky and Michèle, her brothers Jean and Jacques, and her very pretty mamma. But what has auntie to do with the wedding and why should she be mentioned first? The answer is that in the Bourgeois family "auntie" has always topped the bill. Some years ago, Mme. Bourgeois was known to *Tout Paris* as "Fraisette"! She was Jeanne Bourgeois's secretary and Jeanne Bourgeois, as the world knows, was our regretted Mistinguett. Later Fraisette married Mis's youngest brother, Marcel, a business-like boy who ran the tiniest pastry shop in Paris where the most excellent *galettes* were sold.

Mistinguett lost a perfect secretary, but she gained a happy weekend hostess at Bougival and the tranquil family life that was a restful change from the Casino de Paris or the Folies Bergère. She was a rather stern—but perhaps it might be better to say competent—aunt. Good advice was generously given. No spoiling. No hanging about the theatres. The small boys are still at school, but the girls all have jobs and only one of them—to her aunt's extreme displeasure—has anything to do with the stage.

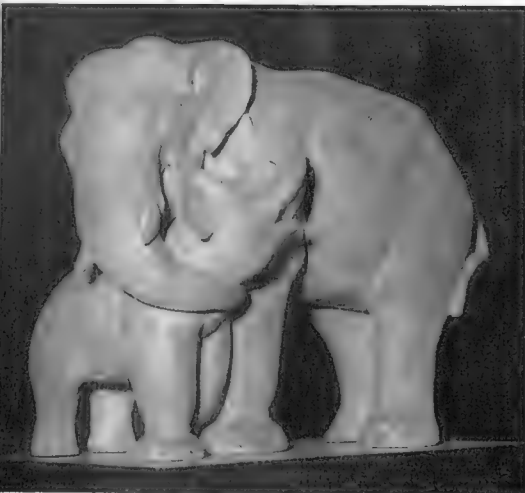
But all the same auntie would most certainly have danced at the wedding.

Sur mesure?

• It is wrong to imagine that one is famous simply because one attracts attention.



Mlle. JACQUELINE BOURGEOIS, niece of Mistinguett, was recently married to M. Francis Draincourt, at the Protestant Church in Paris



ANIMAL SCULPTURE: these animal studies of an elephant and her calf by Simon (above) and of a stag by M. Dandelot were shown in the Annual Exhibition of Animal Sculpture at Cercle Volney, in Paris





Mike Davis

A ROYAL PERFORMANCE BY Mlle. DAYDE

Mlle. LIANE DAYDE of the Paris Opera danced before M. Coty and the Royal visitors at the Gala Performance given in their honour. The programme consisted of two ballets, "Soir De Fete" and "Le Chevalier Et La Damselle," in which Mlle. Dayde danced La Damselle. After the performance she and other members of the company were presented to the Queen

At the Theatre

THE FOREST IN SPRING

"AS YOU LIKE IT" (Stratford Memorial Theatre). The season opened with the appropriately named *As You Like It*. If the Forest of Arden was not quite as arboreal as usual, the actors gave no sign of their un-rustic surroundings. The charmingly tiresome Rosalind (left), Dame Peggy Ashcroft, speaks to Orlando (right, Richard Johnson), a splendid figure. Celia (centre), Jane Wenham, looks on amusedly. Drawings by Glen Williams



OPENING somewhat later than usual, the Shakespeare festival at Stratford found that spring had advanced to greet it. Cohorts of daffodils dancing along the river's edge in the bright evening sunshine sent us all into *As You Like It* in a holiday humour. And as we walked home with the leisurely, gossiping gait suited to a night of high summer we readily agreed with each other that Mr. Glen Byam Shaw's lively production had given the festival a propitious start. It was not a night to wonder, as they may have been wondering in the box office, what will be the effects of the petrol troubles on this year's takings. So far as we were concerned, only one thing had gone a little wrong with the night's entertainment.

DAME PEGGY ASHCROFT had not quite recovered from a throat infection, and her Rosalind was obviously only a sketch of what it may become when she has no longer to conserve her voice. Yet I am by no means sure that even in perfect health and at the top of her form this always delightful actress would ever be my first choice for this particular heroine.

The point about Rosalind, as I see it, is that she is so many fathoms deep in love and is so sure of her lover that she can afford to play teasing tricks on him and on herself. We do not necessarily fall in love with Rosalind, but she ought to make

us feel what it is like to fall in love. And hers is a love untouched by agony: hence the bold assurance with which she pursues it and her sane joy in a chase which she knows perfectly well is going to end happily. It is this note of joyous assurance that may still be missing when Dame Peggy has developed her first night sketch of the character.

HER approach to Orlando has the desperate intensity of a woman who is not yet quite sure how things are going to turn out between them. We get the impression that the love of this Rosalind is, like most love, a sort of purgatory, and that she is devising sports with her heart in her mouth all the time. This impression is reinforced by the almost waspish impatience shown to the oafishly coy Audrey, the same surely lacking the good humoured authority that Rosalind should bring to bear on the simple country girl. It is as though her impatience sprang from her own uncertainties. Yet such is the accomplishment of this actress that even if the reading she has apparently embarked on be a wrong reading we may be sure she will carry it off with grace and charm.

However, the fresh and honest Orlando of Mr. Richard Johnson, whom I last saw in drawing-room comedy, is as good an Orlando as I have known. Stratford has, I think, a real find in Mr. Johnson. Mr. Robert Harris cleverly pitches the "humorous sadness" of Jaques well on this side of settled melancholy, showing him as the pure intellectual who speaks to surprise and cares for nothing but his own intellectuality. He professes melancholy but smiles at it and at everyone and everything except Orlando whose passion for Rosalind he seems to regard as some disparagement of his own passion for abstract truth.

JAQUES is often a bore on the stage, but not as Mr. Harris plays him. And the same may be said for the Touchstone of Mr. Patrick Wymark in whose mouth jests that appear often quite inexplicable become quite startlingly explicable.

Mr. Mark Dignam's Duke Frederick has been well described by a colleague as starting out of a Holbein canvas in a tearing temper. Miss Jane Wenham is a pleasant Celia and Mr. Donald Eccles is a particularly good Corin. The whole production is well paced and shrewdly pointed, so shrewdly that it seems an extraordinary lapse that Jaques when he works out his leg-pulling invocation to draw fools into a circle should be left alone on the stage with only two listeners who cannot possibly be drawn into a circle. The forest scenery by Motley I disliked. It suggested a chic Knightsbridge window dressing rather than a stage Arden.

—Anthony Cookman



SPORTING PLAYFULLY in the Forest are the banished Duke (left, Cyril Luckham), and an ebullient Touchstone (centre, Patrick Wymark). Meanwhile, the bucolic Phebe (Doreen Aris) is happy at thoughts of marriage

AN ACTRESS FROM WALES WINS DRAMATIC AWARDS

SIAN PHILLIPS was this month announced the winner of the Bancroft Gold Medal, the highest award of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Born in Carmarthenshire, she entered R.A.D.A. by winning the Meggie Albanesi Scholarship, the Gerald Lawrence Shakespeare Scholarship, and the William Poel and George Arliss prizes. She is seen as Magda in Suderman's play of that name

Photograph by Paul Tanqueray





Miss Paddy Wright in conversation with Mr. Norris McWhirter

Miss Gillian Sanders, Mr. James Grant, Mr. John Scott-Oldfield, and Miss Rosemary Warner

THE UNIVERSITIES UNITE

AFTER their eighty-third sports meeting, athletes of Oxford and Cambridge celebrated at the Achilles Ball, held at the Empress Club in Dover Street. Above: Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Macpherson, Mr. K. S. Duncan, an athletics selector for the Olympics, and Mr. Philip Noel-Baker, M.P., Club President

Mr. D. C. E. Gorrie, Miss Astrid Salveson, Mr. D. W. Donaldson and Miss Marian Wadley

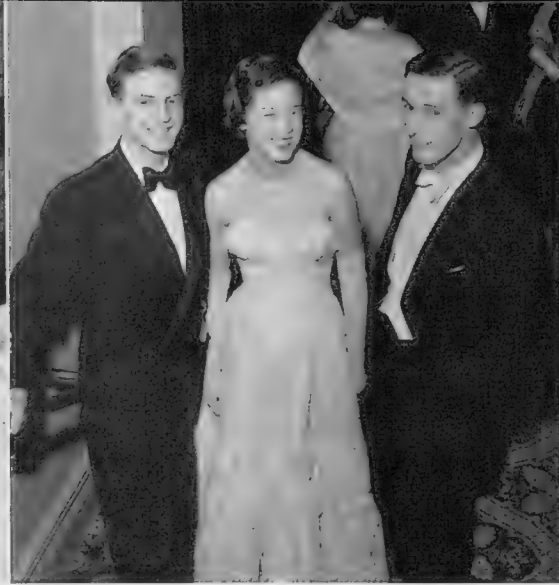




*Mrs. D. G. Steel and Mr. R. St.
G. T. Harper*



*Miss Muriel Rowlandson and
Mr. Gavin Reed*



*Mr. Quentin Clough, Miss Wendy
Birkett and Mr. Michael Russell*



*Mr. G. Steel with Miss Jackie
Sexton*



*Miss Janet Gaydon and Mr.
Malcolm Chaplin of Cambridge*



*Mr. George Villiers, and Miss
Sydney Harrington-Wilson*

*John Metcalfe, O.U.A.C. hurdler, Miss
Susan Hill and Mr. K. S. Duncan*

*Miss Mary Hunter and Mr. Robert Barber, who won the
javelin event for Cambridge*

Desmond O'Neill



Mr. Anthony Fletcher and Miss Susan Clark





H.M.S. AMETHYST'S dash down the Yangtse River is told in *Yangtse Incident* featuring (left) William Hartnell as Leading Seaman Frank and (above) Richard Todd as Commander Kerans

At the Pictures

CRUISING DOWN THE CHINESE RIVER

AT the time when I met Cdr. John S. Kerans, Mr. Duncan Sandys had not yet revealed the extent of his proposed alterations to the structure of the Royal Navy, and the gallant (and, I must say, charming) officer, confessed that he was somewhat worried, as he had no idea whether or not he would be allowed to continue his career. It seemed to me surprising that the man who had so coolly cocked a snook at Red China should be at all disturbed by the distant rustle of a White Paper—but it certainly argued a considerable modesty in him. His fate will by now have been decided—and I hope to his satisfaction: I am, of course, a mere land-lubberly taxpayer, but I can't help feeling that, in certain circumstances, a courageous and enterprising officer can be at least as valuable as a guided missile.

I REGRET, as a Kipling fan brought up on "The Ballad Of The Bolivar," that no poet of today has set out to rouse the blood with "The Ballad Of H.M.S. Amethyst"—but, anyway, Mr. Herbert Wilcox has produced *Yangtse Incident*, a film which, though short on poetry and a little less than rousing, still most worthily commemorates that heroic occasion, when, on the night of July 30, Amethyst stole away from Nanking, ran the gauntlet of the shore batteries, edged her way through a gap in the boom downriver, and by dawn had rejoined the Fleet—having negotiated 140 miles of one of the world's most dangerous waterways without a pilot.

Mr. Richard Todd gives a splendidly taut and authoritative performance as Cdr. Kerans—and there are excellent performances, too, from Mr. Donald Houston as the grievously wounded Lt. Weston, Mr. William Hartnell as wry and salty Leading Seaman Frank, and Mr. Ray Jackson as the vigilant though dog-tired Telegraphist French. Mr. Michael Anderson, directing, has, I feel, rather too deliberately understated the drama of the situation. His film lacks the emotional impact of *In Which We Serve*, but is nevertheless the best British naval picture since Mr. Noël Coward's masterpiece—and to see it is to experience once again the glow of national pride.

Why the Italian director, Signor Rossellini, walked out on

Sea Wife I do not know—but if it was because he felt Miss Joan Collins was calamitously miscast as a nun, then I am on his side. One look at that pert, pretty face and I find myself muttering a snatch from a half-forgotten song: "I am so fond of pleasure that I cannot be a nun." It was a great mistake to make her try to be one.

The story goes that when the s.s. San Felix was torpedoed in 1942 by the Japanese (unforgettable scenes of panic, brilliantly directed by Mr. Bob McNaught), a young nun, clad only in her shift, found herself sharing a rubber dinghy with "Biscuit," a young R.A.F. officer (Mr. Richard Burton), "Bulldog," an elderly, tough businessman (Mr. Basil Sydney), and "Number Four," the ship's coloured purser (Mr. Cy Grant). Neither Biscuit nor Bulldog suspects that the girl they name Sea Wyf is a nun.

In the course of their adventures, it seems to me it would have been the simplest thing in the world for Miss Collins to declare her calling and put everybody's mind at rest—but she remains obstinately and somewhat coyly mum. After the survivors—now reduced to three in number—have been rescued in a state of collapse, sent to hospital and separated, Biscuit continues to cling to the idea that Sea Wyf, if he could only find her, would become his wife. The final twist given to the story by Mr. Andre Hakim, the producer, is neat enough—but the nun's motives in concealing her identity remain to the last utterly baffling.

THE best moment in *Interpol* comes before the credit titles: "Sorry, Honey," says Mr. Trevor Howard, smiling pleasantly as he strangles a young woman with her chiffon scarf. She, it transpires, was Mr. Victor Mature's sister—so Mr. Mature, of the U.S. Anti-Narcotics squad, working with Interpol, has a double reason for wanting to get Mr. Howard, who deals in drugs as well as murder.

"Interpol," says Sir Ronald Howe in a solemn foreword to the film, "is the longest arm of the law." And, you can take my word for it, Mr. Mature is the very man to dislocate that arm. Barging about like a bull elephant, he causes more trouble than you could shake a stick at in New York, London, Lisbon, Rome,



Naples and Athens. Pneumatic Frk. Anita Ekberg is around for some reason—possibly to suggest that inflation is here to stay.

IN *The Smallest Show On Earth*, a happy comedy from Messrs. Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat, Miss Virginia McKenna, uncommonly gay and pretty, and Mr. Bill Travers are a young London couple who inherit a tiny little broken-down cinema in a small north-country town. Built in the shadow of a railway bridge, the decrepit structure reels alarmingly every time a train goes by. It has obviously not been a paying proposition for years and the only sensible thing to do would be to sell it—if anyone would buy.

The local solicitor (neatly played by Mr. Leslie Phillips) tells them that the owner of the palatial Grand Cinema (Mr. Francis de Wolff) wants the site for a car park and once offered £5,000 for it. After one look at the new owners, Mr. de Wolff reduces his offer to £500. Mr. Phillips persuades them that the only way to get more is to re-open "The Bijou," as it is called, in competition with the Grand.

Mr. Travers and Miss McKenna tidy the place up. The doddering doorman (Mr. Bernard Miles at his very best) is given a new uniform; Miss Margaret Rutherford, who used to play the piano for "the silents," is hired to take over the box office, and the drunken projectionist (Mr. Peter Sellers) dusts off his aged equipment and vows he will not touch a drop until "The Bijou" is once more a success.

From here on, the film is madly funny. Westerns, you will see, are twice as exhilarating if run upside down and backwards—and ice-cream sales can rocket if a cinema's temperature is judiciously raised during scenes of death through thirst in the Arizona desert. One sequence is movingly nostalgic: Miss Rutherford tinkles away, dreamy-eyed, at her piano in the empty cinema, while Mr. Sellers delights Mr. Miles with a screening of "Coming Through The Rye"—a darling silent piece, starring, if I am not mistaken, Miss Alma Taylor. But the prevailing tone is one of hilarity and the ending is joyous. Excellent entertainment.

DESPITE atrocious dubbing, there is much amusement to be extracted from *Casanova*—a colourful Italian film in which Signor Gabriele Ferzetti, a young actor who strikingly resembles Sir Laurence Olivier, romps enthusiastically through the title-rôle. Since it is one long tale of seduction, it naturally has an "X" certificate—but is unlikely to shock the sophisticated since it is essentially light-hearted rather than lascivious. Of all the lovelies wooed and invariably won by Casanova, only Mlle. Marina Vlady seemed to me worth the effort: she is delectable.

—Elspeth Grant

BERNARD MILES (left) is the commissionaire in *The Smallest Show On Earth*, a film about a small-town cinema. Bill Travers (above) listens to Margaret Rutherford, who takes the cash



JOAN COLLINS, relaxed on Jamaican location, is starring with Richard Burton, Basil Sydney and newcomer Cy Grant in *Sea Wife*



MARK BATTEN, recently re-elected President of the Royal Society of British Sculptors, has been chosen as the only British delegate for the International Congress of the Arts, to take place in Dubrovnik in September

Book Reviews

COUNTRYSIDE OF POETS

Elizabeth Bowen

GILBERT HIGHET's *Poets In A Landscape* (Hamish Hamilton, 30s.) has an explanatory sub-title: "Great Latin Poets In The Italy Of Today." On the jacket, a little classical temple poised high above a romantic valley illustrates what is, surely, the author's theme—the influence of Nature on classic poetry. The men of letters of Ancient Rome may seem, to some of us, formidable: their renown, their remoteness from us combine to make them so. This book directs us to their lyrical side, the joys they knew and lives they led far from Rome. Primitive things change least: exploring Italian countrysides associated with seven long-ago poets, Professor Highet found much, still, as it had been in their day.

Catullus, Vergil, Propertius, Horace, Tibullus, Ovid and Juvenal are thus shown us in full and near-up humanity. "I have endeavoured," says Professor Highet, "to recall some of the greatest Roman poets, by describing the places where they lived, re-creating their characters, and evoking the essence of their work." You will find, I think, that he fulfils his aim. He also does many of us a service: this friendly book is not for the scholar only—for me, for one, it filled in depressing blanks caused by lack of classical education. I confess that more than one of these Roman poets has, hitherto, been little more to me than a resounding name.

FOR generations, respect for the Roman poets has been thrashed into privileged little boys. Admirably as it preserves our civilized heritage, the system may not always inculcate love. This book offers, to the grown-up, a fresh and more (probably) pleasurable approach. The author has made his own translations of the well-chosen passages he quotes, to illustrate each of his seven studies. His vivid scene-painting in words, his pin-pointing of the character of places, and his dramatic telling of life-stories make *Poets In A Landscape* very enjoyable—if one also learns, one does so half unawares!

Few of the Latin poets were Roman born. Most of them came from the country towns and cities of Italy, some from the provinces both near and far. The comedian Terence was a North African, and saw the city first as a slave. Horace came from the far south-east of Italy, Catullus and Vergil and others from the north; there were good writers from Gaul, from Spain, and later from Africa and Egypt. It is possible with sympathetic imagination to trace in each of them something of his origins; and few indeed were those Roman poets who never speak with affection or indulgence of their homes.

THE pull of Rome, at its height, could not but be strong! More than city, centre and capital of the world, Rome fomented ambition, conferred promotion, laurel-crowned with official glories. And no one of these poets was quite unworldly. There existed, therefore, a town *v.* country conflict; in most of them, an interior tug-of-war. Rome (Professor Highet suggests) stood for style, intellectual stimulus, sensual love; the country for intimate feeling and inspiration. Horace, having found beautiful but too-social Tivoli (in his day, Tibur) no solution, ended by total retirement to a more distant farm. Vergil, born near Mantua, was magnetized into the Rome of Augustus, but ended his days in quietude south of Naples. The unfortunate Ovid, having gone too far, was (like others since him) banished to Siberia, where he perished.

Juvenal (I learn) fell back upon being a poet, ambition thwarted: for years he in vain had hung about Rome in hopes of becoming a civil servant—in those days, government official. Tibullus, handsome, elegant and disorganized, began life as a distinguished soldier who hated war: death came to him early. He suffered excruciatingly from love and sought peace in the somewhat unholy shadow of deep woods.

Poets In A Landscape may well serve to instigate, and accompany, travel into lovely or striking lesser-known parts of Italy. Our author, in the course of his own journeys, very greatly enjoyed himself, and shows it. The many enticing photographs in this volume he himself took—how rightly!



AUSTIN COATES has written, as an amused and intriguing traveller, "Personal And Oriental" (Hutchinson, 25s.). Above is an illustration from it of Hong Kong



Miss Storm Jameson was among those present



Mrs. Julian Amery with Mr. Mark Bonham Carter

The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
APRIL 24,
1957
215



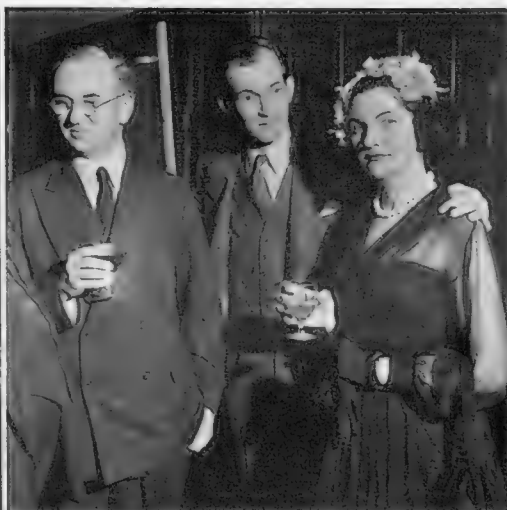
F. J. Goodman

A NEW LITERARY VENTURE

MR. DANIEL MACMILLAN, the Prime Minister's brother, and Mrs. Macmillan (right) recently gave a reception to inaugurate the "St. Martin's Library." Many well-known personalities from the diplomatic and literary worlds were present at this reception

Miss Vanessa Jebb and Sir Harold Spencer-Jones

Lord Vaughan, Mr. M. Macmillan, Lady Vaughan



Mr. Christopher Burney and the Hon. Mrs. George Hardinge

Miss Mollie Makins with Sir Roger Makins



THE novel **The Day The Money Stopped** (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) has still more to attract us than its unnerving title. This is the second story of Brendan Gill—whose first, *The Trouble Of One House*, made an indelible impression. And, in the six-year gap between the two books, the *New Yorker* pieces have served to keep Mr. Gill and his British admirers in contact. This time, he is more sharp-edged and less disturbing, possibly, than he was before. Few reflective and almost no tender passages occur in this rapid hard-hitting story of the prodigal's return—to no tatted calf!

"I've always been so ready to be rich," is the self-explanation of Charlie Morrow, black-sheep elder son of a stable, conservative legal family. Having blazed from New York in a more high-powered car than he should afford, Charlie, unannounced, enters the Morrow firm's office in his birthplace, a prim Connecticut town. All is unchanged—yet not: his father is dead; there is a young new girl secretary. Younger brother Richard is in possession: from now on, all is in Richard's hands.

Including the errant Charlie's financial future. All Charlie has now to bank upon (it transpires) are his expectations under his father's will. And how, by the way, *does* the will stand? Charlie wonders why he's, so far, heard nothing: his many creditors also would like to know.

The confrontation of elder and younger brother, the inch-by-inch disclosure of the contents of the will, is as tense (albeit, as subtly done) as anything in fiction. *The Day The Money Stopped* is written almost entirely in dialogue. Other than the Morrow brothers, the speaking parts are confined to Ellen Wells, the shy

secretary (whose parentage is a factor in the story), and Kathie Morrow, the middle-aged spinster sister now left in a vacuum by the old man's death. By picking up clues, by flashing returns of memory, by ruthless deduction, Charlie lays bare the Morrow family past—the mother's manner of death, the father's obsession. . . . This novel, absorbing to read, is hard to discuss: it says so much so well that there is, really, very little left for the reviewer to say.

STARKE'S illustrations add to the amusement value of "I Go On The Films," a revealing chronicle written by Tom Berkley (Hutchinson, 16s.)



THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS

A MAGNIFICENT ball dress by Rahvis (below) in turquoise satin, with strapless, fitted bodice and enormously wide skirt, is worn with an enveloping matching stole and a fabulous diamond and emerald tiara, necklace and matching ear-rings from Van Cleef & Arpels. Gloves by Pinkham. At the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Roecliff and Chapman's gossamer white nylon chiffon dress, 24 gns. at Stewart and Spencer. Rhinestone tiara, Paris House, white fox fur, Albert Hart

Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

Photographs by Michel Molinare







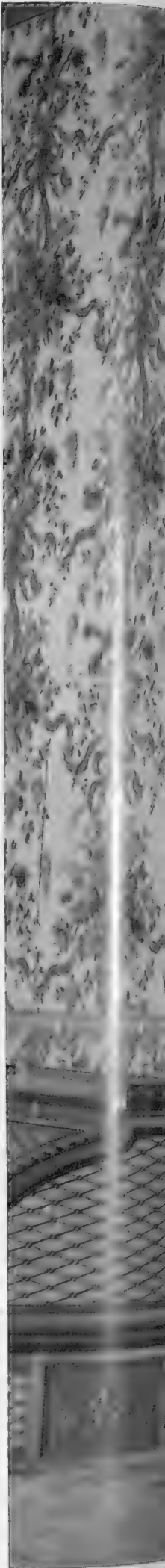
IN THE PALACE of Versailles. Bradley's jacket of smooth black broadtail with wide, bell-shaped elbow length sleeves cuffed in black fox is worn with Mme. Maud's toque of swathed white spotted tulle decorated with a rose

BACK TO A GRACIOUS ERA



CAPE STOLE by Bradley's in "Diadem" Emba natural pale brown mutation mink dips low at the back; the natural straw hat encircled with roses and tied with veiling is by Mme. Maud

CHRISTIAN DIOR'S short evening dress in oyster chiffon tiered with rouches and encrusted with beads and crystal is worn with a white ermine stole, National Fur Co.







ABOVE: Spectator Sports' slim and elegant sheath dress in pale coloured jersey, 12 gns., is worn with a chunky travel coat of white basket weave tweed enlivened with bright gold buttons and large pockets. The coat costs 17 gns. and can be obtained at Robell, Baker Street. Hat by Vernier

Good travellers in the streets of Paris

ABOVE RIGHT: This very useful coat for the summer is by Jaegar and is made in soft pale pink mohair. Straight and unadorned, it is ideal to wear over summer dresses. Price 19½ gns. at Regent Street and other branches. The wide-brimmed straw hat is by Mme. Maud. Gloves by Pinkham



RIGHT: Wetherall's
three piece suit in dark
grey worsted compris-
ing a slim skirt, square
necked chemise top,
and box jacket with
threequarter length
sleeves, button through
front and saddle-stitched
collar, costs 25½ gns.
White rayon cord beret,
2½ gns. The mink stole
comes from Bradley's



THIS charming outfit is a pretty and practical choice for a young girl's first season. The dress, in creamy white brushed wool lace, has a billowing skirt. By Anne Fogarty, 12½ gns. The pale peach-pink washable orlon coat costs 16½ gns., petal hat in beige straw, 17 gns., pleated dark beige silk bag, £4 12s. 6d., pearl bracelet, 2 gns., ear-rings, 52s. 6d., pale beige washable kid gloves, 54s. 9d. All from Harrods, Knightsbridge

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

Photographs by
John French

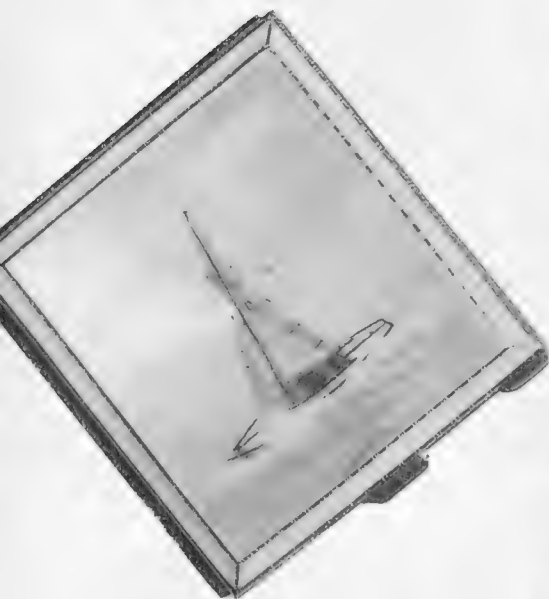
YOUNG WOMAN ABOUT TOWN



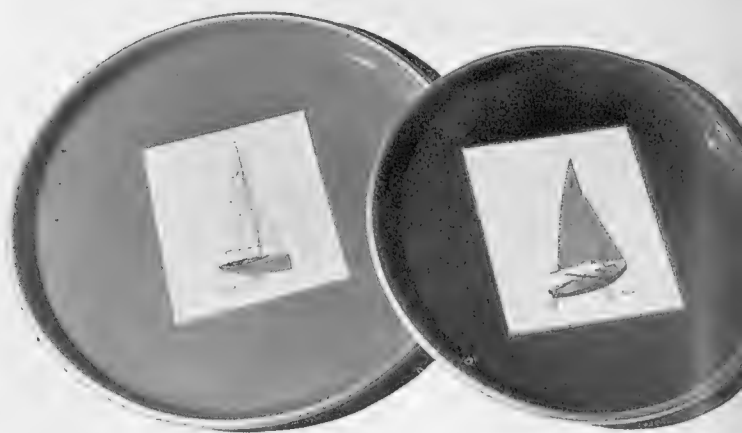




A linen tea towel, with a painted design of the Pilgrim Fathers' ship Mayflower in fast colours, which costs 5s. Stocked by Harrods



This beautiful enamelled silver powder case costs £38 from Asprey & Co. Ltd., New Bond St.



Trays of pressed pulp, the 12-in. one costs £1 9s., the 15-in., £1 15s.; they are obtainable at Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly

THESE ISLANDS have always been renowned for their ships and their sailors from time immemorial. Here, for those who are sea-minded or sailing enthusiasts, are some useful and decorative things with a nautical motif.

—JEAN CLELAND

With a nautical



This large breakfast cup and saucer with Adam's ship design and ballad costs 14s., obtainable at Harrods

Place mats, in black with original marine-inspired designs, cost £1 9s. 6d. the set at Harrods, Knightsbridge



tang of the sea



Heat and spirit proof glass dishes $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. square, showing racing dinghies, cost 10s. 6d. each and are obtainable at Fortnum & Mason



Ivory and gilt place mats with naval designs, a set of eight costs £12 12s. 0d., obtainable at Marshall & Snelgrove

Photographs by
Dennis Smith



White onyx ashtray with chromium plated yacht mounted, £9 12s. 6d., silver slide action case enamelled with international signals, £69 15s. 0d., Aspreys

Beauty

Hidden treasures

THE change from old-fashioned unattractive spectacles to modern eyewear has proved one of the greatest boons of recent years. Putting off (to the detriment of the eyesight) the evil day of having to wear glasses is a thing of the past. Today the frames are so decorative as to be regarded as fashion accessories which in no way detract from the appearance.

A trend such as this, designed to give confidence to those who suffer from a disability, is of the greatest value, and when, at the beginning of this new year, I heard of something else likely to be equally helpful, I lost no time in seeking it out. The latest development in the field of up-to-date inventiveness is a hearing aid designed to enhance the looks rather than detract from them. Like the eyewear, this, too, can be regarded as a fashion accessory, and to those who have been sensitive about wearing anything to assist their hearing it will, I feel sure, come as a blessing.

The inventor—or should I say inventress—is a Mrs. Sheila Ingram. She and her husband are both full-time hearing aid consultants. When I went along to see her, she showed me her invention which takes the form of extremely attractive ear-rings. I asked her what made her think of such a thing and she said: "Well you see, I found that so many patients—women in particular—shied away from the idea of wearing anything that showed. This set me thinking, and in the end I found a way to circumvent the trouble, and put their fears at rest."

BRIEFLY, Mrs. Ingram's idea is this. First of all a wax impression is made of the ear, and when this has been done, a tiny plastic plug is fashioned that fits right into the ear aperture. This is attached to a tiny battery, which is so small that it can be



fixed right under the hair at the back, and is quite invisible. The specially designed ear-rings then cover the ear, and no one—and believe me no one—is any the wiser. For men there is a variation of the idea, and this, too, is very effective.

The Ingram service extends further than the ear-rings. In their consulting rooms in Shepherds Market they help the client to decide on the best type of aid for his or her particular type of deafness. The service is worked on much the same lines as if you were buying a television set. You try several, and then choose which suits you best. This is an advance on the more exhausting method of trailing from one deaf-aid shop to another, trying to remember the tone and best points of each.

The photograph on this page was taken specially for The TATLER, and Steiner did the hair style. I hope it will give you some idea of the general effect, which is, I assure you, very becoming.

Talking of Mr. Steiner, well known for promoting the health of the hair, and for his artistry in hair styling, I feel I must not forget to tell you of a new preparation which he is putting on to the market. Called "Seal Set," it is described as *new, NEW, NEW*, and is a lotion with exceptional penetrative powers. Sprayed on to your hair when it has been "pinned up," it seeps into the hair shaft, locking in the set, and locking out the bad weather. For a re-style, or for re-setting your hair yourself at home, "Seal Set" is a priority preparation.

ENEMY No. 1 of the hair is—as we all know—the villain dandruff. In this connection I have been hearing excellent accounts of a preparation called "Sterinse." Having used it for some time in their hairdressing salon in Berkeley Street, Rebelle's have now put it on the market in an attractive tube, for use at home. "Sterinse" renders the bacillus which causes dandruff inactive, by helping to correct the natural flow of oils. In mild cases, it should be used once a week. Sprinkle it on the scalp after shampooing, and then distribute it with the fingertips. If the dandruff is severe, it should be used twice a week after shampooing, and, if necessary, every day in between the shampoos.

Something else which may be of particular interest to the young has just been brought to my notice. So many are in jobs these days, that they find it extremely difficult to get their hair done in working hours. Good news for them is that Dumas, of Albemarle Street, stays open late on Friday evenings. This is the best possible night, since it is just right for those who want to pretty up for the weekend.

—Jean Cleland



THEY ARE ENGAGED



Yevonde

Miss Anne Adele Whitbread, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. L. W. Whitbread, of Abbotts Hill, Abbotts Ann, Hants, is engaged to Capt. Michael Edwin Roberts, son of the late Mr. Edwin Roberts, and of Mrs. Wood, of Lean Oak Lane, Leigh, near Reigate, Surrey



Pearl Freeman

Miss Meriel Georgina Taylor, only daughter of Major G. K. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor, of Newlands, Bearsted, Kent, is to marry Mr. John William Jenkins, only son of the late Capt. J. V. Jenkins, and of Mrs. E. Gilham, of Shortridge Farm, Chudleigh, Devonshire



Lenare

Miss Susan Bridget Beryl Grantham, elder daughter of Admiral Sir Guy and Lady Grantham, of Stanleys, Liss, Hampshire, is engaged to Lt. Robin Ivor Trower Hogg, R.N., son of Brig. and Mrs. D. W. Hogg, of Yew Tree Cottage, Frilsham-by-Hermitage, Berks



Vandyk

Miss Alison Lansdown, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. B. Lansdown, of Westmount, Montreal, Canada, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Alfred Charles Copeman, who is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Copeman, of Brisbane, Queensland, Australia



Lenare

Miss Hilary Watson, only daughter of Mr. D. G. Watson, C.I.E., of Chislehurst, Kent, and of Mrs. Watson, of The Mansions, Bramham Gardens, S.W.5, is to marry the Marquis de Hillerin de la Touche de Boistissandeau, of Flocelliere, Vendee



Vandyk

Miss Caroline Mary Toosey, only daughter of the late Mr. A. D. Toosey, and of Mrs. A. D. Toosey, of The White House, Great Barrow, Chester, has become engaged to Mr. Peter Yeoward, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Yeoward, of Pen y Parc, Beaumaris, Anglesey



Pipe of Peace is a firm favourite for the Two Thousand Guineas. Mr. Stavro Niarchos's horse is here seen running at Salisbury, Wilts, in the Hurstbourne Stakes

Racing

ALTHOUGH Mr. Tony Samuel's Gilles de Rétz won the Two Thousand Guineas last year at odds of 50-1, this is a race which falls, more often than not, to one of the favourites. Two-year-old form seems to work out fairly accurately, and most of the money this winter has been on Mr. Stavro Niarchos's Pipe of Peace, Mrs. Elsie Foster's Eudaemon and Sir Victor Sassoon's Crepello.

Mr. Stavro Niarchos is still unknown to the majority of racegoers, for he goes rarely to watch his horses, and had, indeed, never seen his three-year-old True Cavalier, until he patted him on the neck in the paddock on Derby Day two years ago. He was absent from Newmarket last year when his Pipe of Peace, superbly ridden by Breasley, beat the French colt, Wayne II, for the Middle Park Stakes. Pipe of Peace is quartered with Sir Gordon Richards. This famous jockey is now in his third year as a trainer.

The Niarchos racing interests are looked after by Lord Belper, and the breeding and yearling buying side are in the care of Brig. Scott, of the British Bloodstock Agency. The Greek millionaire was underbidder for Nashua, when the late William Woodward Jnr's famous horse came into the market in America two years ago. The bidding was effected by secret ballot. Mr. Niarchos's bid topped a million dollars, but was exceeded by the Leslie Combs's syndicate, whose offer of the equivalent of approximately £410,000 topped the list. Not to be outdone, Mr. Niarchos bought Nashua's dam for £30,000, and will have an own-sister to the American champion coming into training with Sir Gordon Richards at Ogbourne this autumn. This should make for interesting racing.

SIR GORDON RICHARDS won the Two Thousand Guineas on Pasch (1938), Big Game (1942) and Tudor Minstrel (1947), but has not yet trained a classic winner. Eudaemon's trainer, Capt. Elsey, saddled the 1953 winner, Nearula, and his chestnut colt seems sure to be one of the leading contenders in this year's finish.

The Newmarket watchers have been enthusiastic this spring about the progress made by Sir Victor Sassoon's Crepello, a massive colt, which won the Dewhurst Stakes on his third outing last October. It must be hoped, anyway, that one of these three will be able to repel the French challenge, for the sequence of foreign victories in our big races was a doleful feature of last year's sport.

Most interest for the future will probably be attached to the running of Crepello, whose trainer, Noel Murless, told Sir Victor Sassoon in Nassau this past winter that he could look forward with reasoned optimism to the outcome of this year's Epsom Derby.

Sir Victor Sassoon has another string to his classic bow, in the filly Taittinger, stabled with Capt. Elsey at Malton. She was a few pounds below the best last season, and Sarcelle beat her very easily for the Cheveley Park Stakes over six furlongs. That distance, however, could scarcely be expected to bring out the best in one of Tehran's progeny, and Taittinger is a name to remember for the high-class fillies' races during the coming months.

ONCE again, no doubt, we shall be hearing pleas for the construction of a round course at Newmarket during this Guineas meeting. Certainly, for the inexperienced watcher, the running of races up the straight Rowley Mile is extremely difficult to follow, and yet it must be doubted whether the Jockey Club would depart easily from the long-established tradition of Newmarket racing.

One welcome reform over the past few seasons here has been in the alteration to procedure for admission of visitors to the private stand. Formerly it was essential for non-members to obtain a voucher signed by one of the Jockey Club. Vouchers are still required, but these can be backed by any member of the private stand.

Apart from the two classics, interest will be sustained by the rivalry of several of the leading four-year-olds. Lord Rosebery's Donald will probably be reserved for an engagement at Chester, but we may see the Queen's Atlas and High Veldt, Mr. Gerry Oldham's Talgo, and Sir Winston Churchill's Le Pretendant trying conclusions before the more important tests, at Epsom, Ascot and elsewhere, which lie ahead of them and other four-year-olds who may be surprisingly successful.

THE CLASSIC EVENTS

ORMONDE discusses here the possibilities and likelihoods for the forthcoming classics, the Thousand and Two Thousand Guineas



High Veldt, owned by the Queen, won the Two Thousand Guineas trial stakes at Kempton Park



Capt. C. F. Elsey, the Malton trainer of Sir Victor Sassoon's Taittinger

Sir Victor Sassoon leading in Pinza, G. Richards up, 1953





“Round-hoof’d, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.”

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE on our favourite subject

Ladbroke & CO. LTD.



6 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1. Tel. : Regent 6700

Motoring

FREEDOM OF THE ROAD

BOOKINGS on the ferries, air and sea, are mounting at such a rate that the predicted records for the numbers of those taking their cars abroad are now certain to be set. France is again going to be the favourite touring ground. Although the British motorist must make many adjustments when he drives in France, because of the differences in the regulations and signs, he usually finds little difficulty. That is largely because there is not, in that freer country, the eager litigiousness which bedevils road travel over here.

Motorists are not execrated by other road users, or preyed upon by the police, local authorities and hangers-on as in Great Britain. When you park your car in a French town, no scruffy individual comes up to solicit a tip or to hint that if there is no tip the police might, in some mysterious way, hear that your car is causing an obstruction.

It is a pity that we in Great Britain have not striven more to make our laws and regulations and road signs conform more closely to the Continental pattern. In view of the possibility of the establishment of a European market, it becomes the more necessary to see that the differences are as few as possible. Personally I would like to see British motoring abandon British imperial weights and measures and employ throughout the metric system. It already does so in engine sizes and it would be an advantage if the method were extended to speeds, weights and tank capacities.

Finally here is a reminder of where information may be found about the conditions of touring in France. First there is our old friend the *Michelin Guide*, still the best thing of its kind. Then there are the books prepared by the motoring organizations, the R.A.C. and the A.A. The R.A.C.'s *Continental Handbook 1957* gives information about driving in France with sketch maps of many cities. One final piece of advice: never forget to have with you a large-scale map with one-way streets clearly marked if you propose to use your car to drive about in Paris.

OPPORTUNITIES for referring to accessories in this column are few, so large numbers of them pile up awaiting assessment. One highly ingenious device is the cigarette lighter which can be fixed to the dash and which, on being pressed, gives you an already lighted cigarette. I do not smoke while I drive; but it is an obvious advantage—and indeed a safety measure—to have a fitting which enables a driver to obtain his lighted cigarette with one hand. The magazine of cigarettes is so made that it is easy to see when it needs replenishment. The makers are The Automatic Car Cigarette Lighter Co., 18 Corsham Street, London, N.1.

Another accessory deserving comment is a weather seal and rattle eliminator. It can be used for car bonnets, windcreens, luggage boots, doors and, in fact, almost any parts that develop a rattle, or a leak. It is a strip of self-adhesive plastic foam. It is merely pressed into position on the previously cleaned part and then cut to length. Hurseal are the people responsible, the company "Seal Draught Ltd." being an associate.

YET another item concerns the well-being of radiators. About now most people drain off anti-freeze and re-fill with plain water. Smiths, the instrument people, have placed on the market four new products, all designed to minister to the good health of radiators. Two of them are cleaners, one is a preservative against corrosion and the other is a leak stopper. The prices range from 5s. to 6s. 6d. for a 16-oz. tin.

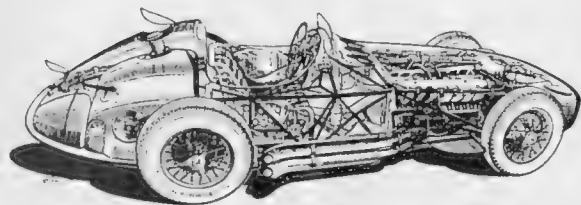
It is known that the best thing to have in a car radiator is soft water. All hard water and all anti-freeze mixtures must do damage, however slight. It follows that when the radiator liquid is changed it is worth while using a cleaner. I have not yet tried the new Smiths products; but the company's reputation is a sufficient guarantee for them. I shall certainly try them.

I must at least mention the A.A. handbook, out now for some time. This lists garages, hotels and guest houses as well as restaurants and cafés. And, of course, there are the maps.

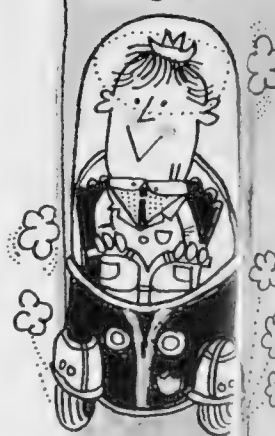
—*Oliver Stewart*



THESE TWO illustrations are taken from *Motor Racing* (Seeley Service and Co., 35s.). It is edited by S. C. H. Davis and includes contributions from many famous in the sport. Above, the late Kenneth Wharton (E.R.A.) in a Shelsley Walsh climb. Below, the Mercedes-Benz 2½ litres Formula One car



THE NEW VAUXHALL VICTOR outside Thoresby Hall, Nottinghamshire, which is open for the first time to the public. Beside the car are Major and Lady Rozelle Beattie, whose mother owns the Hall



HEATH



Stephens—Wakefield. *Lt.-Cdr. Daniel Stephens, R.N., son of Mrs. A. F. Stephens, of Great Clacton, and of the late Dr. Frieze Stephens, married Miss Diana Vanda Wakefield, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. E. N. Wakefield, of Upper Portslade, at St. Nicholas's, Upper Portslade*

RECENTLY MARRIED

[Continued on page 236]

Dickinson—Jenkins. *Mr. William James Overbury Dickinson, son of Mr. George Dickinson, and the late Mrs. Dickinson, of Mr. Hill, Brandsby, Yorkshire, married Miss Pipa Claudia Jenkins, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Cyril Jenkins, of Melbourne, Australia, and Wimpole Street, W.1, at St. George's, Hanover Sq.*



Noble—Higham. *Mr. Martyn Russell Noble, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Noble, of Barrowford, Lancashire, was married to Miss Judy Linda Higham, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lomax Higham, of Lane Corner, Styal, Wilmslow, at St. Bartholomew's Ch., Wilmslow, Cheshire*

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RAFAEL VINCENT TAGLIONI, great-grandson of the famous ballerina, Marie Taglioni, began his training at the Carlton in 1924. He became Restaurant Manager at the Pigalle in Piccadilly five years ago, where he is at present



COCHEM, one of the showplaces of the Moselle valley; this photograph is taken from *The Rhine And Its Castles*, a well-illustrated book by Monk Gibbon (Putnam, 25s.)

DINING OUT

Gastronomic envoys

HAVING had three weeks' holiday, most of which I spent among the winegrowers of France, whom I left with great regret, it was a fortunate coincidence that the French Fortnight started within a few days of my return, for I found myself renewing acquaintances in London which I had made in the vineyards of France.

There was a mammoth tasting of the wines of France held in the Napoleon Suite of the Café Royal, invitations being extended to over a thousand people, and apart from the thirty different wines available for tasting, there was an immense number of different cheeses from all parts of France available for the same purpose, all of which, by some stroke of genius, appeared to be in exactly the right condition for eating.

The proceedings commenced with members of the various wine drinking societies parading past a sort of saluting base where they were received by various V.I.P.s, such as Monsieur Georges Libersart, Minister Plenipotentiary, Commercial Counsellor to the French Embassy and the Comité Nationale de Propagande en Faveur des Vins. At the head of the column were the Chevaliers du Tastevin of Bourgogne, among whom were André Simon, Bill Bentley of oyster fame, and Mrs. Fontes from Manchester, wearing their ribbons with silver tastevins attached. They were, however, completely outshone by the Orders which followed, many of whom had come from France and were in full regalia, looking quite magnificent. There was the Jurade de Saint-Emilion in white and scarlet silken cloaks, among whom was Raymond Postgate and Sir Frederic Hooper. Among the Compagnons du Bontemps du Médoc, Pauillac from Bordeaux, was Allan Sichel; and the Principauté de France Pineau from Cognac, all looking very much like Robin Hood, included Lord Tedder and the Duc d'Uzès. Altogether a very gay and colourful affair.

WINE Tastings and special displays of wine were put on during the Fortnight in restaurants at many of the big stores: Debenhams & Freebods, Marshall & Snelgrove, Selfridge's in their food store, and Bentall's of Kingston-on-Thames in their wine department. Fortnum & Mason set up a wine bar, at similar activities took place all over the country.

The last day of the holiday was spent in London and, still in a somewhat nostalgic mood for France, I went off to Le P'tit Montmartre, a newcomer in the world of small French restaurants, in Marylebone Lane, W.1, which boasts real French Bourbonnaise cuisine, which they explain is butter and wine cooking.

You can have a two-course luncheon at 10s. 6d. and a dinner at 12s. 6d. apart from their comprehensive à la carte menu. They also have a page of specialities, which is divided between Spécialités du Chef and Spécialités du Maître d'Hôtel, so I chose one from each division, starting off with Langoustines à la Façon du Chef René, which is baby lobsters in white wine with Breton onions, tomatoes, tarragon and a dash of cognac, served on a bed of rice pilaf. It cost 9s. 6d. and was prepared by the Chef, René Rescanières, who hails from Dijon. This was followed by Steak Minute Poivre au Cognac, which is "the tenderest and thinnest of steaks, liberally seasoned with black coarsely ground pepper, quick fried, then flamed with cognac and served in a blended mustard sauce," costing 10s. 6d. This was prepared at the table by the manager, M. Joseph, in person, the flames at times nearly reaching the ceiling. Both dishes were of outstanding quality.

MONSIEUR JOSEPH has been in the catering trade all his life, both in Europe and America, his father having owned an hotel in Austria. He was trained at the Hotel School in Lausanne and at hotels in Vienna, Austria, various parts of Switzerland, North Africa, Germany, New York and Turkey, so one way and another he knows his way around.

As far as the wine list is concerned, this restaurant at present has no licence so there is a chance for the customer to "make hay while the sun shines" because the wine list they use is from the pub opposite, The Pontefract Castle in Wigmore Street, the result being that you can get bottles of excellent wine for a remarkably low price. We tried half bottles of Maçon Blanc '53 for 6s. 6d. and Château de Tastes (Premier Cru St. Croix du Mont) for 9s. Even a bottle of Château Yquem will only cost you 37s. 6d.

As a somewhat belated postscript to my visit to France I should like to mention, for the benefit of those intending to visit the Côte d'Or, a draught I can thoroughly recommend to thirsty travellers, which I found at the Hotel de Poste at Beaune. I relaxed in the bar after a 250-mile drive with the aid of a favourite local drink, "Vin Blanc Cassis," which is not only refreshing but cheap—90 francs—and consists of one-quarter Crème de Cassis (a black-currant liqueur) filled up with a slightly chilled white wine.

—I. Bickerstaff

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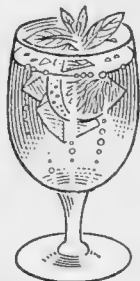
The honourable half-pint

This is the order of younger sons, shy debutantes, and anybody enjoying a moderate thirst. It's all Pimm's No. 1, famous for its zesty, clean, refreshing flavour.



The Elegant Pimmlet

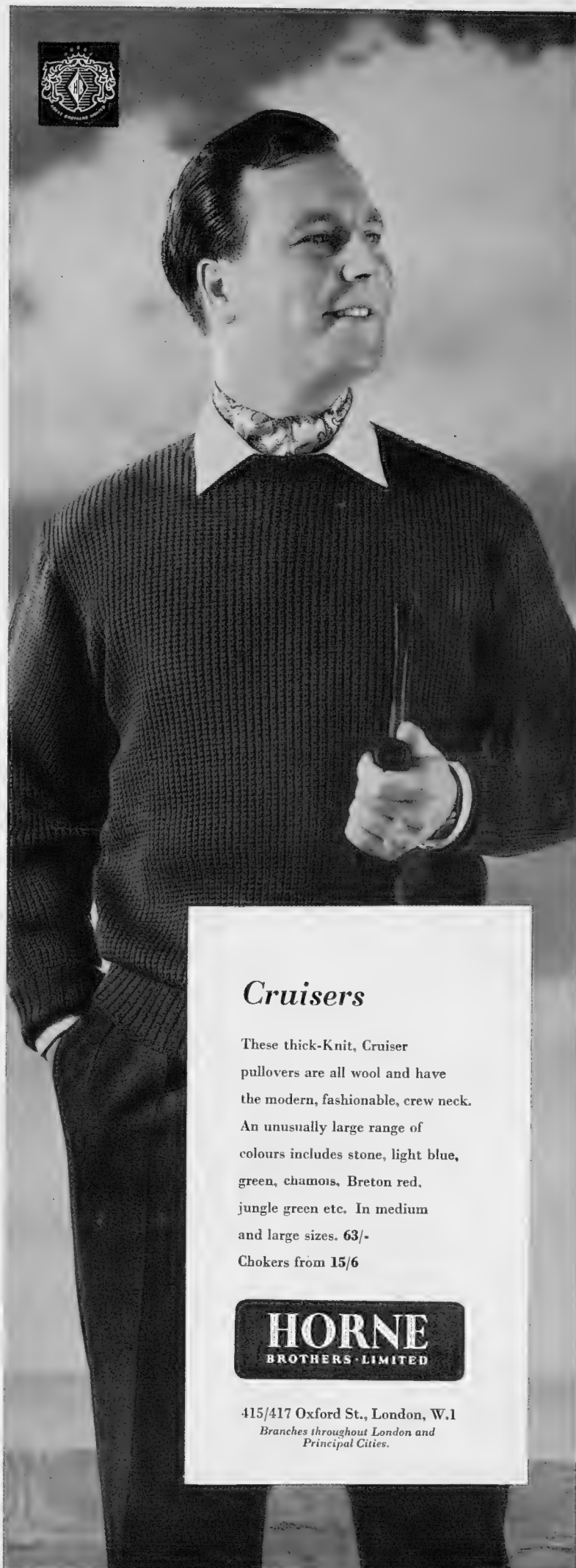
The Pimmlet is swiftly going the rounds. It's Pimm's No. 1 Cup served in a large wine glass—just right for people who appreciate Pimm's but don't always want a long drink—and costing no more at the bar than an ordinary "short".



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DINING IN

Herb flavours in cookery



It is true that, in this country, we do not use herbs to the same extent and as variously as do Continental cooks, and I have two theories why. First, the herb patch in the garden is generally too far from the kitchen and, second, the too liberal use of sage in some of our dishes, which makes all herbs suspect. You cannot sprinkle sage into a dish as lavishly as parsley, chives, chervil or basil because of its pungency. The result of over-use is, later, described as "indigestion." But a minute amount of chopped sage, together with various other herbs, sprinkled over a green salad before it is tossed in its dressing, gives it a culinary interest far beyond the simple operation. The trick is to use sage but to be unaware of it.

Just because I live in a London flat is no reason why I should be deprived of home-grown fresh herbs. I told myself that many years ago, and something now tells me that, just because I can open a window and pick herbs off the sill, on the spur of the moment as it were, I use much more of them in fresh green salads, soups, sauces and stews, than many folk who have to "go up the garden" to gather them.

By the way, it is not too late to sow basil, chervil and parsley, and one can transplant clumps of chives and mint, a small sage bush and, say, thyme to somewhere near the kitchen door. As for window-boxes, one can buy quite a number of perennials to pop into them or into pots. During the war I grew garlic on my window-sills, simply by inserting cloves of it into a box.

Today, as I write, my chives are like little forests; my lovage (the celery-flavoured herb) is lush; two other herbs (at the moment, unidentified!) are making themselves known; and the mint, though the tiniest leaf I have ever seen, is bursting out. Only those who can raise a sash and pick off aromatic flavourings as and when required can know the blessing of a window-box of herbs.

And now for some suggestions for the use of herbs in cookery. Try a little basil with beef or pork. It "does something" for a simple stew. Add dill to mashed potatoes and spaghetti dishes and to the *court bouillon* in which white fish is poached. Use marjoram in poultry stuffings and sprinkle a little of it in the roasting tin itself so that its aroma will perfume the bird. Chop and pound it, too, and spread it on veal cutlets before you egg-and-breadcrumb them. Slip a little rosemary into the body of an unstuffed roasting bird and its flavour will delight. Boiled dumplings in a stew are very much improved when chopped rosemary, thyme and parsley are added, in the first place, to the dough.

Tarragon is particularly excellent in a fish sauce or included in a *bouquet garni* for the flavouring of a boiling fowl. When it comes to garlic, a little—and how good that little is!—goes a long way.

Discretion is the all-important point about the use of herbs. Let no one flavour be pronounced, predominant. Sufficient that the dish be excellent, the flavouring remaining something of a "mystery."

—Helen Burke

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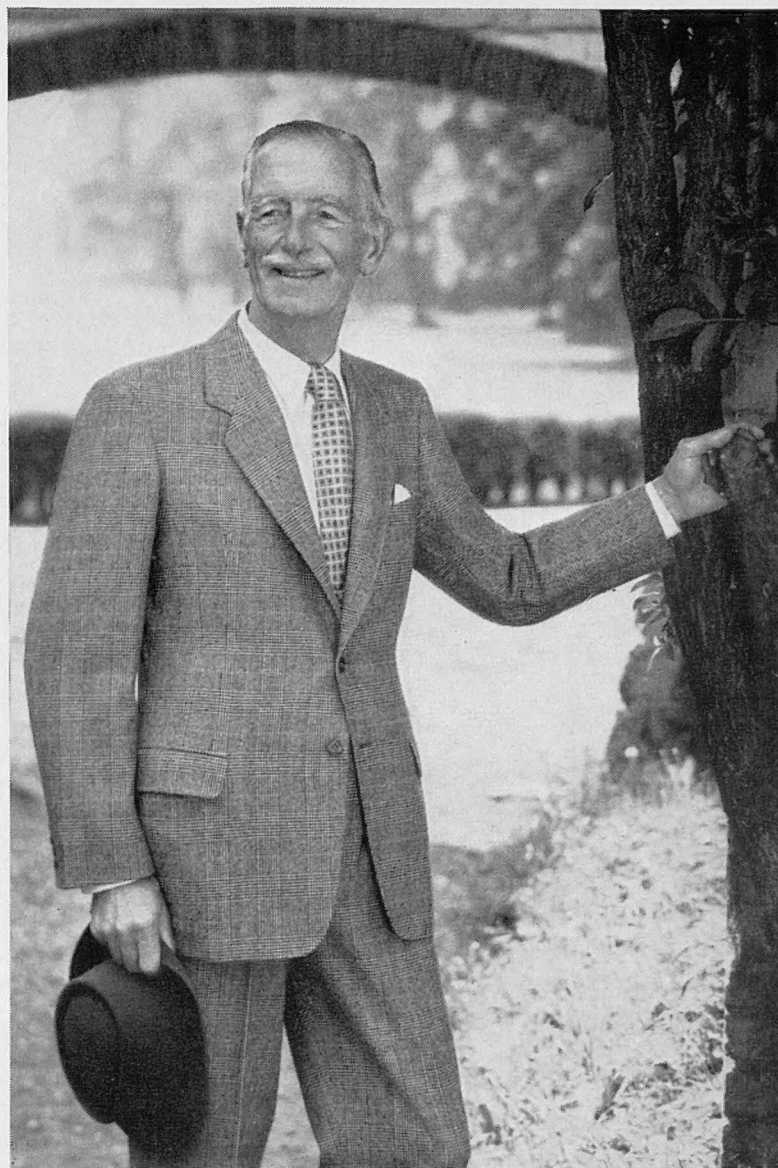
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RECENTLY MARRIED

[Continued from page 231]

Godman-Dorington—Bankart. Mr. James F. Godman-Dorington, son of the late Capt. J. F. Godman, and Mrs. Godman, of Haylands Farm, Graffham, married Miss Rosemary Jane Bankart, daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Harold and Lady Bankart, of Heath Ridge, Graffham, at St. Giles Church, Graffham, Sussex



Stevenson—O'Kelly. Mr. William Walker Stevenson, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Stevenson, of Edinburgh, was recently married to Miss Sheelin Deirdre O'Kelly, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. K. O'Kelly, of Oldcourt, Bray, Co. Wicklow, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street

Mauduit—Hall. Mr. Anthony William Mauduit, only son of the late Capt. R. F. Mauduit, and of M. Mauduit, of Ovington Square, S.W.3, married Miss Betty Lilian Hall, young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Hall, of Bill Farm House, Cowfold, Sussex, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Elliott—Hayward. Mr. Charles Gavin Elliott, of West End Lodge, Aylsham, Norfolk, son of the late Dr. C. M. G. Elliott and Mrs. Elliott, married Miss Elizabeth Ann Hayward, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. S. D. Hayward, of Long Meadow, Hasketon, Suffolk, at Hasketon Parish Church

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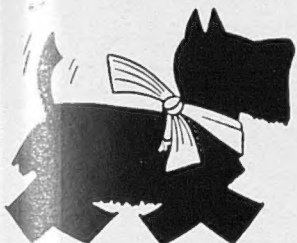
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